

The Maids Tragedie.

AS IT HATH BEENE

diuers times Acted at the *Black-Friers* by
the Kings Maiesties Seruants.

Newly perused, augmented, and enlarged, This second Impression.



LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Constable*, and are
to be sold at the White Lion in
Pauls Church-yard. 1622.

14423.11.2



SPEAKERS.

KING.

LISIPPVS *brother to the king.*

AMINTOR.

EVADNE, *wife to AMINTOR.*

MELANTIVS } *brothers to EVADNE.*

DIPHILVS }

ASPATIA *troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.*

CALLIANAX *an old humorous Lord, and father to*
ASPATIA.

CLEON } *Gentlemen.*

STRATO }

DIAGORAS *a servant.*

ANTIPHILA } *waiting Gentlemen to ASPATIA.*

OLIMPIAS }

DVLA *a Lady.*

NIGHT }

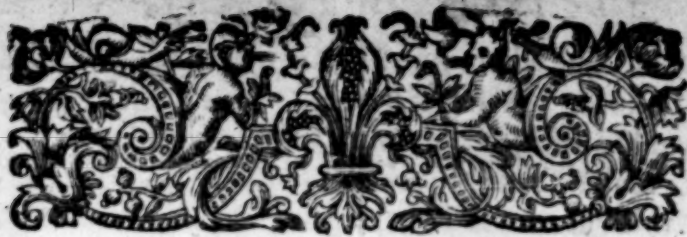
CINTHIA } *Maskers.*

NEPTVNE }

EOLVS }



1769
664



The Maydes Tragedy.

Actus I. Scen. I.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LISIPPVS, DIPHILVS.



LEON. The rest are making ready sir.

Stra. So let them, theres time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the King
my Lord, wee'le take your word.

Lis. *Strato* thou hast some skill in
poetrie, What think'st of a maske,

will it be well?

Stra. As well as masks can be.

Lis. As masks can be?

Stra. Yes, they must commend their King, & speake in
praise of the assembly, blesse the Bride and Bridegroom,
in person of some God, they'r tied to rules of flatterie.

Cle. See good my Lord who is return'd.

Lis. Noble *Melantius*,

Enter Melantius.

The land by me welcomes thy vertues home to *Rhodes*,
thou that with blood abroad buyest vs our peace. The
breath of Kings is like the breath of Gods: my brother
wisht thee here, and thou art here: he will be too kind, and
wearie thee with often welcomes: but the time doth giue
thee a welcome, aboue his, or all the worlds.

Mel. My Lord, my thanks, but these scratcht limbes
of mine, haue spoke my loue and truth vnto my friends,
More then my tongue ere could, my mind's the same it

The Maydes Tragedy.

euers was to you; where I finde worth,
I loue the keeper, till he let it goe,
And then I follow it.

Diph. Haile worthy brother,
He that reioyces not at your returne
In safety, is mine enemy for euers.

Mel. I thanke thee *Diphilus*: but thou art faultie,
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes
With me at *Patria*: thou camst not *Diphilus*;
Twas ill.

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my Kings strict command, which you my Lord
Can witnesse with me.

Lis. Tis true *Melantius*,
He might not come till the solemnitie
Of this great match were past.

Diph. Haue you heard of it?

Mel. Yes, I haue giuen cause to those that
Enuy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome,
I haue no other businesse heere at *Rhodes*.

Lis. We haue a maske to night,
And you must tread a souldiers measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me,
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd,
That stirs my blood, and then I dance with Armes:
But is *Amintor* wed?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All ioyes vpon him, for he is my friend:
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend;
His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that neuer thinks his life his owne,
If his friend neede it: when he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as without boast)
I brought home conquest, he would gaze vpon me,
And view me round, to finde in what one limbe
The vertue lay to doe those things he heard,
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feele

The Maydes Tragedy.

The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it, he oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe yeares
Will see it all performd.

*Enter Aspatia,
passing by.*

Melan. Haile Maid and Wife.

Thou faire *Aspatia*, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to day, last till the hand
Of age vndoet, mayst thou bring a race
Vnto *Aminor*, that may fill the world
Successiuelly with Souldiers.

Aspa. My hard fortunes
Deserue not scorne, for I was neuer proud
When they were good.

Exit Aspatia.

Mel. Howes this?

Lis. You are mistaken, for she is not married.

Mel. You said *Aminor* was.

Diph. Tis true, but

Mel. Pardon me, I did receiue
Letters at *Patria* from my *Aminor*
That he should marrie her.

Diph. And so it stood,
In all opinion long, but your arriual
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then?

Lis. A Ladie sir,
That beares the light about her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye, the faire *Euadne*
Your vertuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them,
But this is strange.

Lis. The King my brother did it
To honor you, and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. Tis royall like himselfe,
But I am sad, my speech beares so vnfortunate a sound
To beautifull *Aspatia*: there is rage
Hid in her fathers brest, *Calianax*

The Maydes Tragedy.

Bent long against me, and he should not thinke,
If I could call it backe, that I would take
So base reuenges as to scorne the state
Of his neglected daughter: holds he still his greatnesse

Lis. Yes, but this Lady walkes (with the king?

Discontented, with her watrie eies bent on the earth:
The vnfrequented woods are her delight,
And when she sees a bancke stucke full of flowers,
Shee with a sigh will tell

Her seruants, what a prittie place it were
To bury louers in, and make her maids
Pluck'em, and strow her ouer like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious griefe,
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournfullst things that euer eare hath heard,
And sigh, and sing againe, and when the rest
Of our young Ladyes in their wanton bloud,
Tell mirthfull tales in course that fill the roome
With laughter, she will with so sad a looke
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her griefe
Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end
Shee'll send them weeping one by one away.

Mel. She has a brother vnder my command
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much outgrowne
The number of his yeares.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My Lord the Bridegroome.

Mel. I might runne fiercely, not more hastily
Vpon my foe: I loue thee well *Amintor,*
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart,
I ioy to looke vpon those eies of thine,
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech
Cuts off my loue.

Amin. Thou art *Melantius,*
All loue is spoke in that, a sacrifice
To thank the gods, *Melantius* is return'd

The Maydes Tragedy.

In safety, victory sits on his sword
As she was wont; may she build there, and dwell,
And may thy armour be as it hath beene,
Only thy valor and thine innocence.
What endlesse treasures would our enemies giue,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am poore in words, but credit me, young man
Thy mother could no more but weep, for ioy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I haue,
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers: But this is peace,
And that was warre.

Amint. Pardon thou holy god
Of marriage bed, and frowne not, I am forc'd
In answer of such noble teares as those,
To weepe vpon my wedding day.

Mel. I feare thou art growne too fickle, for I heare
A Lady mournes for thee, men say to death,
Forfaken of thee, on what termes I know not.

Amint. She had my promise, but the King forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces about her,
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her armes.

Mel. Be prosperous.

Enter Adressenger.

Messenger. My Lord the maskers rage for you.

Lis. We are gone;

Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

Amint. Weele all attend you, we shall trouble you
With our solemnities.

Mel. Not so *Amintor*.

But if you laugh at my rude cariage
In peace, li'e doe as much for you in warre
When you comethither: but I haue a mistresse
To bring to your delights, rough though I am,
I haue a mistresse and she has a heart

She

The Maydes Tragedy.

She saies, but trust me, it is stone, no better,
There is no place that I can challenge:
But you shall see, and here my way lies. *Exit.*

Enter Calianax, with Diagoras.

Cal. *Diagoras* looke to the doores better for shame:
you let in all the world, and anone the King will raile at
me: why very well said, by *Ioue* the King will haue the
show 1th the Court.

Diag. Why doe you sweare so my Lord?
You know heele haue it heere.

Cal. By this light if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne.

Cal. One may sweare his heart out with swearing, and
get thanks on no side, Ile be gone, looke too't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I shall neuer keepe them out.
Pray stay, your lookes will terrifie them.

Cal. My lookes terrifie them, you coxcomblly asse you,
Ile be iudge by all the company, whether thou hast not a
worse face then I.

Diag. I meane because they know you, and your office.

Cal. Office, I would I could put it off. I am sure I sweat
quite through my office, I might haue made roome at my
daughters wedding, they ha nere kild her amongst them.
And now I must doe seruice for him that hath forsaken
her, serue that will. *Exit Calianax.*

Diag. Hee's so humorous since his daughter was forsa-
ken: harke, harke, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.

What now? *within* *Knocke within.*

Mel. Open the doore.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. *Melantius.*

Diag. I hope your Lord-ship brings no troope with
you, for if you do, I must returne them. *Enter Melantius*

Mel. None but this Lady sir. *and a Lady.*

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd aboue, saue those that
come in the Kings troope, the best of *Rhodes* sit there,
there

The Maydes Tragedy.

and theres roome.

Mel. I thanke you sir: when I haue scene you placed madam, I must attend the King, but the maske done, Ile wait on you againe.

Diag. Stand backe there, roome for my Lord *Melantius*, pray beare backe, this is no place for such youths and their trulls, let the dores shut agen: I, do your heads itch? Ile scratch them for you: so now thrust and hang: againe, who i't now, I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away, would he were here, he would run raging amongst them, and breake a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of an eie: what's the newes now? *within*

I pray you can you helpe mee to the speech of the Master Cooke?

Diag. If I open the dore Ile cooke some of your Calues heads. Peace rogues. — againe, — who i't?

Mel. *Melantius.* *within* Enter *Calianax* to *Melantius*.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O my Lord a must, make roome there for my Lord, is your Lady plac't?

Mel. Yes sir, I thanke you: my Lord *Calianax*, well met? Your causelesse hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes I doe seruiue for your sister here, That brings mine owne poore child to timelesse death, She loues your friend *Amintor*, such another false hearted Lord as you.

Mel. You doe me wrong, A most vnmanly one, and I am slow In taking vengeance, but be well aduis'd.

Cal. It may be so: who plac'd the Lady there so neere the presence of the King?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My Lord she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth then she, it mis-becomes your age, And place to be thus womanish, forbear,

B

What

The Maydes Tragedy.

What you haue spoke I am content to thinke
The palsey shooke your tongue too.

Cal. Why tis well if I stand here to place mens wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, and
through all, cut that poore sickly weeke thou hast to liue
away from thee.

Cal. Nay I know you can fight for your whore.

Mel. Bate the King, and be hee flesh and blood
A lies that sayes it, thy mother at fifteene
Was blacke and sinfull to her.

Diag. Good my Lord.

(man,

Mel. Some god pluck threescore yeeres from that fond
That I may kill him, and not staine mine honor,
It is the curse of souldiers, that in peace
They shall be braued by such ignoble men,
As (if the land were troubled) would with teares
And knees beg succor from 'em, would that blood
(That sea of blood) that I haue lost in fight,
Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee
Apt to say lesse, or able to maintaine,
Shouldst thou say more, — This *Rhodes* I see is nought
But a place priuiledg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. I, you may say your pleasure.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. What vilde iniurie

Has sturd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heape of age, which I should reuerence
If it were temperate, but testie yeeres
Are most contemptible.

Amint. Good sir forbear.

Cal. There is iust such another as your selfe.

Amint. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talke as if he had no life to lose
Since this our match: the King is comming in,
I would not for more wealth then I enioy
He should perceiue you raging, he did heare
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

Cal. Make roome there.

Hoboyes

The Maydes Tragedy.

Hoboyes play within.

Enter King, Euadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. Melantius thou art welcome, and my loue
Is with thee still ; but this is not a place
To brabble in ; Calianax, ioyn hands.

Cal. Hee shall not haue mine hand.

King. This is no time
To force you too't, I do loue you both,
Calianax you looke well to your office,
And you *Melantius* are welcome home,
Begin the Maske.

Mel. Sister I ioy to see you, and your choyse,
You lookt with my eies when you tooke that man,
Be happy in him.

Recorders

Euad. O my deereft brother,
Your presence is more ioyful then this day can be vnto me.

The Maske.

Night rises in mists.

Nig. Our reigne is come, for in the raging sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day:
Bright *Cynthia* heare my voice, I am the night
For whom thou bearest about thy borrowed light,
Appeare, no longer thy pale visage shrowde,
But strike thy siluer hornes quite through a cloud,
And send a beame vpon my swarthie face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eies
Are come to waite on our solemnities.
How dull and blacke am I? I could not finde
This beautie without thee, I am so blinde,
Me thinkes they shew like to those Easterne streakes,
That warne vs hence before the morning breakes,
Back my pale seruant, for these eies know how

Enter Cynthia.

The Maydes Tragedy.

To shoote farre more and quicker rayes then thou.

Cynth. Great Queene they be a troope for whom alone
One of my clearest moones I haue put on,
A troope that lookes as if thy selfe and I
Had pluckt our reines in, and our whips laid by
To gaze vpon these mortals, that appeare
Brighter then we.

Nigh. Then let vs keepe 'em here,
And neuer more our Chariots driue away,
But keepe our places and out-shine the day. (speake

Cynth. Great Queene of shaddowes you are please to
Of more then may be done, we may not breake
The gods decrees, but when our time is come,
Must driue away and giue the day our roome.
Yet whil' st our raigne lasts, let vs stretch our power
To giue our seruants one contented houre,
With such vnwonted solemne grace and state
As may for euer after force them hate
Our brothers glorious beames, and with the night,
Crown'd with a thousand starres, and our cold light :
For almost all the world their seruice bend
To *Phabus*, and in vaine my light I lend,
Gaz'd on vnto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of vnquiet eyes.

Nigh. Then shine at full faire Queene, and by thy power
Produce a birth to crowne this happy houre,
Of Nymphes and shepheards, let their songs discover,
Easie and sweet who is a happy loue,
Or if thou w'oot then call thine owne *Endimion*
From the sweet flowrie bed he lies vpon,
On *Latmus* top thy pale beames drawne away,
And of this long night let him make this day. (mine,

Cin. Thou dreamst darke Queene, that faire boy was not
Nor went I downe to kisse him, ease and wine
Haue bred these hold tales, Poets when they rage
Turne Gods to men, and make an houre an age,
But I will giue a greater state and glory,

And

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And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these louers are: rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deepes, thy surges laid away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. *Neptune rises.*

Nep. Cinthia see,
Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know
Why I ascend.

Cinth. Dosth this maiestiecke show
Giue thee no knowledge yet?

Nep. Yes, now I see
Something entended *Cinthia* worthy thee,
Goe on, Ile be a helper.

Cinth. Hie thee then,
And charge the winde goe from his rockie den,
Let loofethy subiects, onely *Boreas*
Too foule for our intentions as he was,
Still keepe him fast chaine, we must haue none here
But vernall blasts and gentle winds appeare,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad bowes sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.
These are our musicke: next thy watrie race
Bring on in couples, we are pleasd to grace
This noble night each in their richest things
Your owne deeps or the broken vessell brings,
Be prodigall and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full vpon you.

Nep. Oh, the wind *Enter Eolus out of a Rocke*
Commanding *Eolus*.

Eol. Great *Neptune*.

Nept. He.

Eol. What is thy will?

Nep. We doe command thee free
Fanonius and thy milder winds to waite
Vpon our *Cinthia*, but tie *Boreas* straight,
Hee's too rebellious.

Eol. I shall doe it.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Nep. Doe great master of the fload, and all below
Thy full command has taken.

Eol. O! the Maine

Neptune.

Nep. Heere.

Eol. *Boreas* has broke his chaine,
And struggling with the rest has got away.

Nep. Let him alone letake him vp at sea,
He will not long be thence, goe once againe
And call out of the bottomes of the Maine,
Blew *Protheus*, and the rest, charge them put on
Their greatest pearles and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rocke breeds, till this night is done
By me a solemne honor to the Moone,
Flie like a full saile.

Eol. I am gone.

Cin. Darke night
Strike a full silence, doe a thorow right
To this great *Chorus*, that our Musicke may
Touch high as heauen, and make the east breake day
At mid-night.

Musicke.

Song.

Cinthia to thy power and thee
we obey.

Joy to this great company,
and no day

Come to steale this night away
Till the rites of lone are ended,
And the lusty Bridegroome say,
Welcome light of all befriended.
Pace out you watery powers below,
let your feete

Like the gallies when they row
euen beate.

Let your vnkowne measures set
To the still windes, tell to all
That gods are come immortall great,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To honor this great Nuptiall.

The Measure.

Second Song.

Hold backe thy houres darke night till we haue done,

The day will come too soone,

Young Maydes will curse thee if thou steal'st away,

And leaue'st their blushes open to the day,

Stay, Stay, and hide
the blushes of the Bride.

Stay gentle night, and with thy darknesse couer
the kisses of her lover.

Stay and confound her teares and her shrill cryings,

Her weak denials, vowe and often dyings,

Stay and hide all,
but helpe not though she call.

Nep. Great Queene of vs and heauen,
Heare what I bring to make this houre a full one,
If not her measure.

Cimb. Speake Seas King.

Nep. Thy runes my *Amphitrites* ioyes to haue,
When they will dance vpon the rising waue,
And court me as the sayles, my *Tritons* play
Musicke to lead a storme, Ile lead the way.

Song

Measure.

To bed, to bed, come *Hymen* lead the Bride,

And lay her by her husbands side:

Bring in the virgins euery one

That greene to lie alone;

That they may kisse, while they may say a maid,

To morrow i will be other kist and said:

Hesperus be long a shining,

Whilst these lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho *Neptune*.

Nep. *Eolus*.

Eol. The Sea goes hie,

Boreas hath rais'd a storme, goe and apply

Thy

The Maydes Tragedy.

Thy trident, else I prophesie, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away:
Descend with all the gods, and all their power
To strike a Calme.

Cinth. A thanks to euery one, and to gratulate
So great a seruice done at my desire,
Ye shall haue many floods fuller and higher
Then you haue witht for, no ebbe shall dare
To let the day see where your dwelling are:
Now backe vnto your gouernment in hast,
Lest your proud charge should swell about the wast,
And win vpon the Island.

Nep. We obay.

*Neptune descends, and
the Sea Gods.*

Cin. Hold vp thy head dead night, seest thou not day?
The East begins to lighten, I must downe
And giue my brother place.

Night. Oh I could frowne
To see the day, the day that flings his light
Vpon my Kingdomes, and contemnes old night,
Let him goe on, and flame, I hope to see
Another wild fire in his axeltree,
And all fall drencht, but I forget, speake Queene,
The day growes on, I must no more be seene.

Cin. Heaue vp thy drowsie head agen and see
A greater light, a greater Maiestie
Betweene our sect and vs, whip vp thy teame
The day breakes here, and yon same flashing streame
Shot from the South, say, which way wilt thou goe?

Night. He vanish into mists.

Exeunt.

Cinth. I into day.

Finis Maske.

King. Take lights there Ladies, get the Bride to bed,
We will not see you laid, good night *Aminor*,
Weele ease you of that tedious ceremonie,
Were it my case I should thinke time runne slow:
If thou beest noble youth, get me a boy
That may defend my Kingdomes from my foes.

Amin.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Amin. All happinesse to you.

King. Good night *Melantius.*

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Euadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

D*V L.* Madam shall we vndresse you for this night?
The wars are nak't that you must make to night.

Eua. You are very merry *Dula.*

Dul. I should be far merrier Madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.

Eua. Why how now wench?

Dul. Come Ladies will you helpe?

Eua. I am soone vndone.

Dul. And as soone done:

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

Eua. Art thou drunke *Dula?*

Dul. Why heeres none but we.

Eua. Thou thinkst belike there is no modesty
When we are alone.

Dul. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

Eua. You pricke me Lady.

Dul. Tis against my will,

Anon you must indure more and lie still,
You're best to practise.

Eua. Sure this wench is mad.

Dul. No faith, this is a tricke that I haue had
Since I was foureteene.

Eua. Tis high time to leaue it.

Dul. Nay now Ile keepe it till the trick leaue me,
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lisselier in your husbands bed.

Eua. Nay faith then take it.

Dul. Take it Madam, where?

We all I hope will take it that are here.

C

Eua.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. Nay then Ile giue you ore.

Dul. So will I make
The ablest man in *Rhodes* or his heart ake.

Euad. Wilt take my place to night?

Dul. Ile hold your cards against any two I know.

Euad. What wilt thou doe?

Dul. Madam weelee doo't, and make'm leaue play too.

Euad. *Aspatia* take her part.

Dul. I will refuse it.

She will plucke downe a side, she does not vse it.

Euad. Why doe.

Dul. You will find the play

Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

Euad. I thanke thee *Dula*, would thou couldst instill
Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her brest doe dwell.

Methinkes a meane betwixt you would doe well.

Dul. She is in loue, hang me if I were so,

But I could run my Countrey I loue too,

To doe those things that people in loue doe.

Asp. It were a timelesse smile should proue my checke,

It were a fitter houre for me to laugh,

When at the Altar the religious Priest

Were pacifying the offended powers

With sacrifice, then now, this should haue beene

My night, and all your hands haue been imployd

In giuing me a spotlesse offering

To young *Aminors* bed, as we are now

For you: pardon *Euadne*, would my worth

Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,

Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthlesse,

But till he did so, in these eares of mine,

(These credulous eares) he powred the sweetest words

That art or loue could frame, if he were false

Pardon it heauen, and if I did want

Vertue, you safely may forgieue that too,

For I haue lost none that I had from you.

Euad.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Enad. Nay leaue this sad talke Madame.

Asp. Would I could, then I should leaue the cause.

Enad. See if you haue not spoild all *Dulas* mirth.

Asp. Thou thinkst thy heart hard, but if thou beest caught remember me; thou shalt perceiue a fire shot suddenly into thee.

Dul. Thats not so good, let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I feare 'em not.

Asp. Well wench thou maist be taken.

Enad. Ladies good night, Ile doe the rest my selfe.

Dul. Nay let your Lord doe some.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismall Yew.

Enad. Thats one of your sad songs Madame.

Asp. Belceue me tis a very pretty one.

Enad. How is it Madame?

Song.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismall Yew,
Maidens willow branches beare, say I died true,
My loue was false, but I was firme, from my heure of birth,
Vpon my buried body lay lightly gently earth.

Enad. Fie ont Madame, the words are so strange, they are able to make one dreame of hobgoblins. I could neuer haue the power, sing that *Dula*.

Dula. I could neuer haue the power
To loue one aboue an houre,
But my heart would prompt mine eie
On some other man to flie,
Venus fix mine eies fast,
Or if not, giue me all that I shall see at last.

Enad. So leaue me now.

Dula. Nay we must see you laid.

Asp. Madame goodnight, may all the Mariageioyes
That longing maids imagine in their beds
Proue so vnto you, may no discontent
Grow twixt your loue and you, but if there doe,
Enquire of me and I will guide your mone,
And teach you an artificiall way to grieue,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To keepe your sorrow waking, loue your Lord
No worfe then I, but if you loue so well,
Alas you may displeafe him, so did I,
This is the last time you shall looke on me:
Ladies farewell, as soone as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse,
Bring each a mournfull story and a teare
To offer at it when I goe to earth;
With flattering luy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my beere
Be borne by Virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maides, and periuries of men.

Euad. Alas I pittie thee.

Exit Euadne.

Omnes. Madame good night.

1. Lad. Come weele let in the Bridegroome.

Dul. Where's my Lord?

1. Lad. Heere take this light.

Enter Amintor.

Dul. You'le finde her in the darke.

(her.

1. Lad. Your Ladye's scarce a bed yet, you must helpe

Asp. Goe and be happy in your Ladies loue,

May all the wrongs that you haue donẽ to me,

Be vtterly forgotten in my death,

Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take

A parting kisse, and will not be denied.

You'le come my Lord and see the virgins weepe,

When I am laid in earth; though you your selfe

Can know no pittie: thus I winde my selfe

Into this willow garland, and am prouder

That I was once your loue, (though now refus'd)

Then to haue had another true to me.

So with praies I leaue you, and must trie

Some yet vnpractis'd way to gaine and die.

Dul. Come Ladies will you goe?

Exit Aspatia.

Om. Good night my Lord.

Amin. Much happinesse vnto you all.

Exeunt Ladies.

I did that Lady wrong, me thinkes I feele

Her griefe shoot suddenly through all my veines:

Mine

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mine eies runne, this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mou'd me too'r, but he
Has not my will in keeping, — why doe I
Perplex my selfe thus? something whispers me,
Goe not to bed: my guilt is not so great
As mine owne conscience (too sensible)
Would make me thinke, I onely brake a promise,
And twas the King that forst me: timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle feares. *Enter Euadne.*
Yonder she is, the luster of whose eie
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things; oh my *Euadne* spare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapors of the night will not fall here:
To bed my loue, *Hymen* will punish vs
For being slacke performers of his rites,
Canst thou to call me?

Euad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my loue,
And let vs loose our selues to one another,
Why art thou vp so long?

Euad. I am not well.

Amin. To bed, then let me winde thee in these armes,
Till I haue banisht sicknesse.

Euad. Good my Lord I cannot sleepe.

Amin. *Euadne* weele watch, I meane no sleeping.

Euad. He not goe to bed.

Amin. I prethee doe.

Euad. I will not for the world.

Amin. Why my deere loue?

Euad. Why? I haue sworne I will not.

Amin. Sworne! *Euad.* I.

Amin. How sworne *Euadne*?

Euad. Yes, sworne *Amin* or, and will sweare againe
If you will wish to heare me.

Amin. To whom haue you sworne this?

Euad. If I should name him the matter were not great.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Amin. Come, this is but the coyneffe of a bride.

Euad. The coyneffe of a bride?

Amin. How pretily that frowne becomes thee.

Euad. Doe you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dresse thy face in such a looke,
But I shall like it.

Euad. What looke likes you best?

Amin. Why doe you aske?

Euad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

Amin. Howes that?

Euad. That I may shew you one lesse pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee put thy iests in milder lookes,
It shewes as thou wert angry.

Euad. So perhaps I am indeede.

Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thy selfe I sweare,
Thy yet vnconquered selfe, I will reuenge thee.

Euad. Now I shall trie thy truth, if thou doest loue me,
Thou weighest not any thing compar'd with me,
Life, honour, ioyes eternall, all delights
This world can yeeld, or hopefull people faine,
Or in the life to come, are light as aire
To a true louer when his Lady frownes,
And bids him doe this: wilt thou kill this man?
Sweare my *Aminitor*, and ile kisse the sin
Off from thy lips.

Amin. I wonnot sweare sweet loue,
Till I doe know the cause.

Euad. I woud thou wouldst,
Why, it is thou that wrongst me, I hate thee,
Thou should'st haue kild thy selfe.

Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

Euad. Know it then, and doo't.

Amin. Oh no, what looke so ere thou shalt put on,
To trie my faith, I shall not thinke thee false,
I cannot finde one blemish in thy face,

Where

The Maydes Tragedy.

Where falsehood should abide, leaue and to bed,
If you haue sworne to any of the virgins
That were your old companions to preferue
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this meanes.

Euad. A maidenhead *Amintor* at my yeares?

Amin. Sure she raues, this cannot be
Thy naturall temper, shall I call thy maides?
Either thy healthfull sleepe hath left thee long,
Or else some feauer rages in thy blood.

Euad. Neither *Amintor* thinke you I am mad,
Because I speake the truth.

Amin. Will you not lie with me to night?

Euad. To night? you talke as if I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter, ye. I doe.

Euad. You are deceiu'd, put off amazement, & with pa-
What I shall viter, for the Oracle (tience marke
Knowes nothing truer, tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but euer.

Amin. I dreame, — awake *Amintor*.

Euad. You heare right,
I sooner will find out the beds of Snakes,
And with my youthfull bloud warme their cold flesh,
Letting them curle themselues about my limbes,
Then sleepe one night with thee; this is not faine,
Nor sounds it like the coynesse of a bride.

Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the ioyes of mariage? *Hymen* keepe
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all eares.
Let it not rise vp for thy shame and mine
To after ages, we will scorne thy lawes,
If thou no better blesse them, touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know ther'es not an altar that will smoke
In praise of thee, we will adopt vs sons,
Then vertue shall inherit, and not blood:

If

The Maydes Tragedy.

If we doe lust, wee'le take the next we meet,
Serving our selues as other creatures doe,
And neuer take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I doe rage in vaine,
She can but iest; Oh pardon me my loue,
So deare the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must breake forth; satisfie my feare:
It is a paine beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt; confirme it with an oath,
If this be true.

Euad. Doe you inuent the forme,
Let there be in it all the binding words
Diuels and Coniurers can put together,
And I will take it, I haue sworne before,
And here by all things holy doe againe,
Neuer to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt ouer now?

Amin. I know too much, would I had doubted still:
Was euer such a marriage night as this?
You powers aboue, if you did euer meane
Man should bevs'd thus, you haue thought a way
How he may beare himselfe, and saue his honour:
Instruct me in it, for to my dull eyes
There is no meane, no moderate course to runne.
I must liue scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? why is this night so calme?
Why does not heauen speake in thunder to vs,
And drowne her voice?

Euad. This rage will doe no good.

Amin. *Euadne*, heare me, thou hast tane an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keepe it, were
Worse then to sweare it, call it backe to thee,
Such vowes as those neuer ascend the heauen,
A teare or two will wash it quite away:
Haue mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,
If thou be pittifull, for (without boast)
This land was proud of me: what Lady was there

That

The Maydes Tragedy.

That men cald faire and vertuous in this Isle,
That would haue shund my loue? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth — Oh we vaine men^{ur}
That trust all our reputation
To rest vpon the weake and yeelding hand
Offeeble woman; but thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doe dwell
The spirit of loue; thy heart cannot be hard,
Come lead me from the bottome of despaire,
To all the ioyes thou hast, I know thou wilt,
And make me carefull lest the sudden change
Ore-come my spirits.

Euad. When I call back this oath, the paines of hell
inuiroⁿ me.

Amin. I sleepe, and am too temperate, come to bed,
Or by those haire, which if thou hast a soule like to thy
Were thread for Kings to weare — (locks,
About their Armes.

Euad. Why so perhaps they are.

Amin. Ile dragge thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Vndoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
Ile print a thousand wounds to let out life.

Euad. I feare thee not, doe what thou dar'st to me,
Every ill sounding word, or threatning looke
Thou shewest to me, will be reueng'd at full.

Amin. It will not sure *Euadne*.

Euad. Doe not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha ye your Champions?

Euad. Alas *Amin*or thinkst thou I forbear
To sleepe with thee, because I haue put on
A maidens strictnesse? looke vpon these cheekes,
And thou shalt finde the hot and rising blood
Vnapt for such a vow, no, in this heart
There dwels as much desire, and as much will
To put that wisht act in practise, as euer yet
Was knowne to woman, and they haue been showne
Both, but it was the folly of thy youth,

D

To

The Maydes Tragedy.

To thinke this beaury (to what land so e're
It shall be cald) shall stoope to any second.
I doe enioy the best, and in that height
Haue sworne to stand, or die: you guesse the man.

Amin. No, let me know the man that wrongs me so:
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the Northren winde.

Euad. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Do not wrong me so,
Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I haue a soule
Will throw me on him.

Euad. Why tis the King.

Amin. The King?

Euad. What will you doe now?

Amin. Tis not the King.

Euad. What did he make this match for, dull *Aminitor*?

Amin. Oh thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts reuengefull: in that sacred name,
The King, there lies a terror: what fraile man
Dares lift his hand against it? let the Gods
Speake to him when they please, till when let vs
Suffer, and waire.

Euad. Why should you fill your selfe so full of heate,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.

Amin. What Diuell hath put it in thy fancy then
To mary me?

Euad. Alas, I must haue one
To father Children, and to beare the name
Of husband to me, that my sinne may be
More honorable.

Amin. What a strange thing am I?

Euad. A miserable one, one that my selfe
Am sory for.

Amin. Why shew it then in this,
If thou hast pittie, though thy loue be none,
Kill me, and all true louers that shall liue

The Maydes Tragedy.

In after ages crost in their desires,
Shall blisse thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingring wretch.

Euad. I must haue one
To fill thy roome againe if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I would: I pittie thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden iniuries haue falne
So thicke vpon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are: me thinkes I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it — reputation
Thou art a word, no more, but thou hast showne
An impudence so high, that to the world
I feare thou wilt betray or shame thy selfe.

Euad. To couer shame I took thee, neuer feare
That I would blaze my selfe.

Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceiue he wrongs me, then mine honor
Will thrust me into action, that my flesh
Could beare with patience, and it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I know this
Before I toucht thee; else had all the sinnes
Of mankinde stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I haue lost one desire, tis not his crowne
Shall buy me to thy bed: now I resolute
He has dishonour'd thee; giue me thy hand,
Be carefull of thy credit, and sin close,
Tis all I wish, vpon thy chamber floure
He rest to night, that morning visiters
May thinke we did as married people vse,
And prethee smile vpon mee when they come,
And seeme to toy as if thou hadst beene pleas'd
With what we did.

Euad. Feare not, I will doe this.

Amin. Come let vs practise, and as wantonly

The Maydes Tragedy.

As euer louing bride and bridegroome met,
Lets laugh and enter here.

Enad. I am content.

Amin. Downe all the swellings of my troubled heart.
When we walke thus intwin'd, let all eies see
If euer louers better did agree.

Exit.

Enter Aspasia, Antiphila, Olimpias.

Asp. Away, you are not sad, force it no further,
Good gods, how well you looke! such a full colour
Yong bashfull brides put on: sure you are new married.

Ant. Yes Madame to your griefe.

Asp. Alas poore wenches,
Goe learne to loue first, learne to lose your selues,
Learne to be flattered, and beleue and blesse
The double tongue that did it,
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient louers,
Did you nere loue yet wenches? speake *Olimpias*,
Such as speake truth and di'd in't,
And like me beleue all faithfull, and be miserable,
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stampe.

Olimp. Neuer.

Asp. Nor you *Antiphila*?

Ant. Nor I:

Asp. Then my good girles be more then women, wise.
At least; bee more then I was, and bee sure you credit any
thing the light giues life to, before a man; rather beleue
the sea weppes for the ruin'd marchant when he rores, ra-
ther the wind courts but the pregnant sailes when the strong
cordage crackes, rather the sunne comes but to kisse the
fruit in wealthy Autumme, when all falles blasted; if you
needs must loue (forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bo-
somes two dead cold Aspicks, and of them make louers,
they cannot flatter nor forswear; one kisse makes a long
peace for all; but man, oh that beast man:

Come lets be sad my girles;

That downe cast of thine eie *Olimpias*

Shewes a fine sorrow; marke *Antiphila*,

Iust such another was the Nymph *Anones*

Oenone
When

The Maydes Tragedy.

When *Paris* brought home *Hellen*: now a teare,
And then thou art a peece expresting fully
The *Carthage* Queene when from a cold sea rocke,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes,
To the faire *Troia* ships, and hauing lost them,
Iust as thine does, downe stole a teare *Antiphila*:
What would this wench doe if she were *Aspatia*?
Here she would stand; till some more pittying god
Turnd her to marble: tis enough my wench,
Shew me the peece of needle worke you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne* Madame?

Asp. Yes that peece,
This should be *Thesew*, has a coufening face,
You meant him for a man.

Ant. He was so Madame.

Asp. Why then tis well enough, neuer looke backe,
You haue a full winde, and a false heart *Thesew*,
Does not the story say, his Keele was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kinde rocke or other
Met with his vessell?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha beene so, could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storme,
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest,
Iust such another caught me, you shall not goe so *Antiphila*,
In this place worke a quick-sand,
And ouer it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship plowing it, and then a feare:
Doe that feare to the life wench.

Ant. Twill wrong the storie.

Asp. Twill make the story wrong'd by wanton Poets,
Liue long and be beleeu'd; but wheres the Lady?

Ant. There Madame.

Asp. Fie, you haue mist it heere *Antiphila*,
You are much mistaken wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soule so full of misery

The Maydes Tragedy.

As this sad Ladies was, doe it by me,
Doe it againe, by me the lost *Aspatia*,
And you shall finde all true but the wilde Iland,
I stand vpon the sea breach now, and thinke
Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,
Wilde as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, doe my face
(If thou hadst euer feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila* strue to make me looke
Like sorrowes monument, and the trees about me
Let them be dry and leauelesse, let the rocks
Groane with continuall surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation, looke, looke wenches,
A miserable life of this poore picture.

Olim. Dære Madame.

Asp. I haue done, sit downe, and let vs
Vpon that point fixe all our eies, that point there;
Make a dumbe silence till you feele a sudden sadnesse
Giue vs new soules.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The King may doe this, and he may not doe it,
My child is wrongd, disgrac'd: well, how now huswiues?
What at your ease? is this a time to sit still? vp you young
Lazie whores, vp or ile swenge you.

Olim. Nay good my Lord.

Cal. You'l lie downe shortly, get you in and worke,
What are you growne so reasty? you want heates,
We shall haue some of the Court boyes doethat office.

Ant. My Lord we doe no more then we are charg'd:
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in griefe,
Shee is forsaken.

Cal. Theres a roguetoo,
A young dissembling slaue, well, get you in,
Ile haue a bout with that boy, tis hietime
Now to be valiant, I confesse my youth
Was neuer prone that way: what made an asse?
A Court stale? well I will be valiant,

And beate some dozen of these whelps I will, and theres

Another

The Maydes Tragedy.

Another of em, a trim cheating souldier,
He maule that rascall, has out-brau'd me twice,
But now I thanke the Gods I am valiant,
Goe, get you in, He take a course with all.

Exeunt Om.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Clean, Strato, Diphilus.

Cle. Your sister is not vp yet.

Diph. Oh brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome.

Strat. But not tedious,

(night)

Diph. What ods, hee has not my sisters maiden-head to

Strat. No, its ods against any bridegrome liuing, he nere
gets it while he liues.

Diph. Y^e are merry with my sister, you'le please to allow
me the same freedome with your mother.

Strat. Shees at your seruice.

Diph. Then shees merry enough of her selfe, shee needs
no tickling, knocke at the dore.

Strat. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they haue the yeare before them,
Good morrow sister, spare your selfe to day, the night will
come againe.

Enter Aminor.

Amin. Who's there, my brother? I am no readier yet,
your sister is but now vp.

Diph. You looke as you had lost your eyes to night, I
thinke you haue not slept.

Amin. Ifaith I haue not.

Diph. You haue done better then.

Amin. We ventured for a boy, when he is twelue,
A shall command against the foes of Rhodes,
Shall we be merry?

Strat. You cannot, you want sleepe.

Amin. Tis true, but she

aside.

As

The Maydes Tragedy.

As if she had drunke *Lethe*, or had made
Euen with heauen, did fetch so still a sleepe,
So sweet and sound.

Diph. Whats that?

Amin. Your sister frets this morning, and does turne
her eyes vpon me, as people on their headsmen, she does
chafe, and kisse and chafe againe, and clap my cheekes,
shees in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost, I was about to lay, you had not
got her maidenhead to night.

Amin. Ha, he does not mocke me, y^e ad lost indeed,
X I do not vse to bungle.

Clue. You doe deserue her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath
That was so rude and rough to me, last night *aside.*
Was sweet as Aprill, Ile be guilty too,
If these be the effects.

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Good day *Aminor*, for to me the name
Of brother is too distant, we are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Deare *Melantius*,
Let me behold thee, is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Amin. Tis wondrous strange.

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knowes so well? theres nothing heere
That is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much *Melantius*,
To see those noble lookes that make me thinke
How vertuous thou art, and on the sudden
Tis strange to me, thou shouldst haue worth and honour,
Or not be base and false, and trecherous,
And euery ill. But

Mel. Stay, stay my friend,
I feare this sound will not become our loues, no more em-

Amin. Oh mistake me not, *(brace me.)*
I know thee to be full of all those deeds,

That

The Maydes Tragedy.

That we fraile men call good, but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd,
As are the windes, dissembling, as the Sea,
That now weares browes as smooth as virgins be,
Tempting the Merchant to inuade his face,
And in an houre cal's his billows vp,
And shoots em at the Sun, destroying all
A carries on him, Oh how nere am I *aside.*
To vtter my sickethoughts.

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Amin. I haue wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
enow for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feele no want. *(me.*

Mel. Belecue me this is complement too cunning for

Dip. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They hauing both robd me of so much vertue?

Stra. Oh call the bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that wee may
see her blush, and turne her eies downe, it is the priciest
sport.

Amin. Euadne.

Euad. My Lord.

Within.

Amin. Come forth my loue,
Your brothers doe attend, to wish you ioy.

Euad. I am not ready yet.

Amin. Enough, enough.

Euad. They'le mocke me.

Amin. Faith thou shalt come in.

Enter Euadne.

Mel. Good morrow sister, he that vnderstands
Whom you haue wed, neede not to wish you ioy.
You haue enough, take heede you be not proud.

Dipb. O sister what haue you done?

Euad. I done? why what haue I done?

Stra. My Lord *Amintor* sweares you are no maid now.

Euad. Push.

Stra. Ifaith he does.

Euad. I knew I should be mockt.

Dipb. With a truth.

E

Euad.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. If twere to doe againe, in faith I would not mary.

Amin. Nor I by heauen. *aside.*

Diph. Sister, *Dula* swears shee heard you cry two

Euad. Fie how you talke. (roomes off.

+ *Diph.* Lets see you walke.

Euad. By my troth y^e are spoild.

Mel. *Amin.* *Amin.* Ha.

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Who I? I thanke you for that, shall *Diphilus*
thou and I sing a catch?

Mel. How? *Amin.* Prethee lets.

Mel. Nay thats too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightned with my happinesse: how dost
thou Loue? kisse me.

Euad. I cannot loue you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes vs: Gentlemen,
Would you had all such wiues, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder, y^e are all sad;
What doe you enuie me? I walke methinks
On water, and nere sinke I am so light.

Mel. Tis well you are so.

Amin. Well? how can I be other when shee looks
Is there no musicke there? lets dance. (thus?

Mel. Why? this is strange, *Amin.*

Amin. I doe not know my selfe, yet I could wish my ioy

Dip. Ile mary too if it will make one thus. (were lesse.

Euad. *Amin.*, harke. *Aside.*

Amin. What saies my loue? I must obey.

Euad. You doe it scruily, twill be perceiurd.

Cle. My Lord the King is here. *Enter King & Lisip.*

Amin. Where? *Swa.* And his brother.

King. Good morrow all.

Amin. Ioy on ioy fall thicke vpon thee,
And Madame you are alterd since I saw you,
I must salute you, you are now anothers,
How lik't you your nights rest?

Euad. Ill fir

Amin. Indeed shee tooke but little.

Lis.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Lis. You'le let her take more, and thanke her too shortly.

King. *Amintor* wert thou truly honest till thou wert

Amint. Yes sir.

(maried?)

King. Tell me then, how shews the sport vnto thee?

Amint. Why well.

King. What did you doe?

Amint. No more nor lesse then other couples vse,

You know what tis, it has but a course name.

King. But prethee, I should thinke by her blacke eie
And her red cheeke, shee should be quicke and stirring
In this same businesse; ha?

Amint. I cannot tell, I nere tried other sir, but I perceiue
She is as quicke as you deliuered.

King. Well youle trust me then *Amintor*,
To choose a wife for you agen.

Amint. No neuer sir.

King. Why? like you this so ill?

Amint. So well I like her,

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And vnto heauen will pay my gratefull tribute
Hourely, and doe hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both full of gray haire in one day,
For which the thanks is yours, but if the powers
That rule vs, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her roome.

King. I doe not like this; all forbear the roome
But you *Amintor* and your Lady, I haue some speech with
you that may concerne your after liuing well.

Amint. A will not tell me that he lies with her: if he doe,
Something heavenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt
To thrust this arme of mine to acts vnlawfull.

King. You will suffer me to talke with her, *Amintor*,
And not haue a ialous pang.

Amint. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talke, and not be ialous.

King. How doe you like *Amintor*?

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. As I did fir. *King.* Howes that?

Euad. As one that to fulfill your will and pleasure,
I haue giuen leaue to call me wife and loue.

King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin,
They that breake word with heauen, will breake agen
With all the world, and so doest thou with me.

Euad. How fir?

King. This subtle womans ignorance
Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oathes
So great, that me thought they did misbecome
A womans mouth, that thou wouldst nere inioy
A man but me.

Euad. I neuer did sweare so, you doe me wrong.

King. Day and night haue heard it.

Euad. I swore indeed that I would neuer loue
A man of lower place, but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your Throne, I loue with my ambition,
Not with my eies, but if I euer yet
Tought any other, Leprosie light here
Vpon my face, which for your royalty
I would not staine.

King. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.

Euad. Why, it is in me then, not to loue you, which will
More afflict your body, then your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let *Aminor* lie with thee.

Euad. I hannot.

King. Impudence, he saies himselfe so.

Euad. A lies. *King.* A does not.

Euad. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
He proue it so, I did not only shun him for a night,
But told him, I would neuer close with him.

King. Speake lower, tis false.

Euad. I am no man to answere with a blow,
Or if I were, you are the King, but vige not, tis most true.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. Doe not I know the vncontrouled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high,
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? is not his spirit
Though he be temperate, of a valiant straine,
As this our age hath knowne? what could he doe
If such a suddaine speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for euer? if he had not kild thee,
He could not beare it thus, he is as we
Or any other wrong'd man.

Euad. It is dissembling.

King. Take him, farewell, henceforth I am thy foe,
And what disgraces I can blot thee with, looke for.

Euad. Stay sir; *Amin*or, you shall heare *Amin*or.

Amin. What my loue?

Euad. *Amin*or, Thou hast an ingenious looke,
And should'st be vertuous, it amazeth me
That thou can'st make such base malicious lies.

Amin. What my deere wife?

Euad. Deere wife? I doe despise thee,
Why nothing can be baser then to sow
Dissention amongst louers.

Amin. Louers? who?

Euad. The King and me.

Amin. Oh God.

Euad. Who should liue long and loue without distast
Were it not for such pickthanks as thy selfe.
Did you lie with me? sweare now, and be punisht in hell
For this.

Amin. The faithlesse sin I made
To faire *Alpatia*, is not yet reueng'd,
It followes me, I will not loose a word
To this wilde woman, but to you my King
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth.
Y'are a tyrant, and not to much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. Now sir, see how loud this fellow lied.

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how
Men must right themselves: what punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
It is not death, nor can that satisfie,
Valeffe I send your liues through all the land
To shew how nobly I haue freed my selfe.

King. Draw not thy sword, thou knowst I cannot feare
A subjects hand, but thou shalt feele the weight of this
If thou doest rage.

Amin. The weight of that?
If you haue any worth, for heauens sake thinke
I feare not swords, for as you are meere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare thinke to doe it: but there is
Diunitie about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions; as you are my King
I fall before you and present my sword,
To cut mine owne flesh if it be your will,
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude of
Waking griefes, yet should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madnesse, for compare my iniuries,
And they will well appeare too sad a weight
For reason to endure, but fall I first
Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things, but why? I know not what
I haue to say, why did you choose out me
To makethus wretched? there were thousands fooles
Easie to worke on, and of state enough
Within the Iland.

Euad. I would not haue a foole, it were no credit for me.

Amin. Worse and worse:

Thou that dar'st talke vnto thy husband thus,
Professe thy selfe a whore, and more then so,
Resolue to be so still, it is my fate
To beare and bow beneath a thousand griefes,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To keepe that little credit with the world.

But there were wise ones too: you might haue tane another.

King. No, for I beleue thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happinesse

Bestow'd vpon me turnes into disgrace,

Gods take your honesty againe, for I

Am loaden with it, good my Lord the King

Be priuate in it.

King. Thou maist liue *Aminitor*,

Free as thy King, if thou wilt winke at this,

And be a meanes that we may meet in secret,

Amin. A baud, hold, hold my brest, a bitter curse

Seize me, if I forget not all respects

That are religious, on another word

Sounded like that, and through a Sea of sinnes

Will wade to my reuenge, though I should call

Paines heere, and after life, vpon my soule.

King. Well, I am resolute, you lay not with her,

And so I leaue you.

Exit King.

Euad. You must needs be prating, and see what follows.

Amin. Prethe vex me not,

Leaue me, I am afraid some sudden start

Will pull a murther on me.

Euad. I am gone, I loue my life well.

Exit Euadne.

Amin. I hate mine as much.

This tis to breake a troth, I should be glad,

If all this tide of griefe would make me mad.

Exit.

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Ile know the cause of all *Aminitors* griefes,

Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. O *Melantius*, my daughter will die. (roome.

Mel. Trust me I am sorry, would thou hadst tane her

Cal. Thou art a slaue, a cut-throat slaue, a bloody treacherous slaue.

Mel. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to raue,

And lose thine offices.

Cal. I am valiant growne,

A

The Maydes Tragedy.

At all these yeares, and thou art but a slaue.

Mel. Leauē, some company will come, and I respect
Thy yeares, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. Ile spoile your mirth, I meane to fight with thee,
There lie my cloake, this was my fathers sword,
And he durst fight, are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou doate thy selfe out of thy life?
hence get thee to bed, haue carefull looking to, and eate
warne things, and trouble not mee: my head is full of
thoughts, more waightry then thy life or death can be.

Cal. You haue a name in warre, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude, but I will try
What you dare doe vnto a weake old man
In single fight, you'le giue ground I feare:
Come draw.

Mel. I will not draw, vnlesse thou pulst thy death
Vpon thee with a stroke, theres no one blow
That thou canst giue, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far then, the power of earth
Shall not redeeme thee.

Cal. I must let him alone,
Hees stout, and able, and to say the truth,
How euer I may set a face and talke,
I am not valiant: when I was a youth
I kept my credit with a testie tricke I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst neuer fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preferue your life if you
doe stay.

Cal. I would giue halfe my land that I durst fight with
that proud man a little: if I had men to hold him, I would
beate him, till he aske me mercy.

Mel. Sir will you be gone?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will goe home and beat my
seruants all ouer for this.

Exit Calianax.

Mel. This old fellow haunts me,
But the distracted carriage of mine *Amintor*

Takes

The Maydes Tragedy.

Takes deeply on me, I will finde the cause,
I feare his conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. Mens eyes are not so subtile to perceiue
My inward miserie, I beare my griefe
Hid from the world, how art thou wretched then?
For ought I know all husbands are like me,
And euery one I talke with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes
As I am, would I knew it, for the rarenesse
Afflicts me now.

Mel. *Amintor*, we haue not enioy'd our friendship of late,
for we were wont to charge our soules in talke.

Amint. *Melantius*, I can tell thee a good iest of *Strato*
and a Lady the last day.

Mel. How wast?

Amin. Why such an odde one.

Mel. I haue longd to speake with you, not of an idle
iest thats forc'd, but of matter you are bound to vtter
to mee.

Amin. What is that my friend?

Mel. I haue obseru'd, your words fall from your tongue
Wildly, and all your carriage
Like one that stroue to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or weare
Vpon your face ridiculous iollitie:
Some sadnesse sits here, which your cunning would
Couer oze with smiles, and twill not be;
What is it?

Amin. A sadnesse here? what cause
Can Fate prouide for me to make me so?
Am I not lou'd through all this Isle? the King
Raines greatnesse on me: haue I not receiued
A Lady to my bed, that in her eie
Keepes mounting fire, and on her tender cheekes
Ineuitable colour, in her heart

F

A prison

The Maydes Tragedy.

A prison for all vertue, are not you,
Which is aboue all ioyes, my constant friend?
What sadnesse can I haue? no, I am light,
And feele the courses of my bloud more warme
And stirring then they were; faith mary too,
And you will feele so vnexpressed ioy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appeare another.

Mel. You may shape, *Aminitor*,
Causes to cozen the whole world withall,
And your selfe too, but tis not like a friend,
To hide your soule from me: tis not your nature
To be thus idle, I haue seene you stand
As you were blasted, midst of all your mirth,
Call thrice aloud, and then start, faining ioy
So coldly: world! what doe I here? a friend
Is nothing: heauen! I would ha told that man
My secret sinnes, Ile search an vnknowne land,
And there plant friendship, all is withered here,
Come with a complement, I would haue fought,
Or told my friend a lied, ere soothd him so;
Out of my bosome.

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse, farewell;
From this time haue acquaintance, but no friend.

Amin. *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

Mel. See how you plaid with friendship, be aduis'd
How you giue cause vnto your selfe to say,
You ha lost a friend.

Amin. Forgiue what I ha done,
For I am so ore-gone with iniuries
Vnheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to doe, — oh — oh.

Mel. Doe not weepe, what ist?
May I once but know the man
Hath turnd my friend thus.

Amin. I had spoke at first, but that.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most vnfit

For you to know, faith doe not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my loue, that will keepe company
With thee in teares, hide nothing then from me,
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour ile adorne my selfe,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Vnto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotlesse innocence.
What is it?

Amin. Why tis this, — it is too bigge
To get out, let my teares make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely heauen, if he scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

Amin. Your sister.

Mel. Well sayd.

Amin. You'l wisht vnknowne when you haue heard it.

Mel. No.

Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour vp,
And liues in whoredome with him.

Mel. How's this?
Thou art run mad with iniury indeed,
Thou couldst not vtter this else, speake againe,
For I forgiue it freely, tell thy griefes.

Amin. Shees wanton, I am loth to say a whore,
Though it be true.

Mel. Speake yet againe, before mine anger grow
Vp beyond throwing downe, what are thy griefes?

Amin. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What? am I tame?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of whore vpon my sister vnreueng'd?
My shaking flesh be thou a witnesse for me,
With what vnwillingnesse I goe to scourge

The Maydes Tragedy.

This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend;
I will not take thee basely, thy sword
Hangs neere thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashnesse to repentance, draw thy sword.

Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger goe as hie
As troubled waters: thou shouldst doe me ease,
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base,
And fearefull, they that vse to vtter lies,
Prouide not blowes, but words to qualifie
The men they wrong'd, thou hast a guilty cause.

Amin. Thou pleasest me, for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger vp about my griefes,
Which is a passion easier to be borne,
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take then more, to raise thine anger. Tis meere
Cowardise makes thee not draw, and I will leaue thee dead.
How euer, but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and feare, as not to dare to fight,
Ile make thy memory loath'd and fixe a scandall
Vpon thy name for euer.

Amin. Then I draw,
As iustly as our Magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off; I knew before
I would grate your eares, but it was base in you
To vrge a waighy secret from your friend,
And then rage at it, I shall be at ease
If I be kild, and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out liue you.

Mel. Stay awhile,
The name of friend is more then family,
Or all the world besides; I was a foole.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake
To doe me wrong, thou art inquisitiue,
And thrusts me vpon questions that will take
My sleepe away, would I had died ere knowne

This

The Maydes Tragedy.

This sad dishonor, pardon me my friend,
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart,
Pierce it, for I will neuer heave my hand
To thine, behold the power thou hast in me,
I doe belecue my sister is a whore,
A leprous one, put vp thy sword young man.

Amin. How should I beare it then she being so?
I feare my friend that you will lose me shortly,
And I shall doe a foule act on my selfe
Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better halfe the land
Were buried quick together, no, *Aminor*,
Thou shalt haue ease: Oh this adulterous King
That drew her too't, where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?

Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?

Mel. Why not so much: the credit of our house
Is throwne away,
But from his iron den Ile waken death,
And hurle him on this King, my honestie
Shall steele my sword, and on my horrid point
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to looke on.

Amin. I haue quite vndone my fame.

Mel. Drie vp thy watric eyes,
And cast a manly looke vpon my face,
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend
Till I haue freed thee, still this swelling brest,
I goe thus from thee, and will neuer cease
My vengeance till I finde my heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so, stay, mine eies would tell
How loth I am to this, but loue and teares
Leaue me a while, for I haue hazarded
All that this world calls happy, thou hast wrought
A secret from me vnder name of friend,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Which Art could nere haue found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosome, giue it me agen,
For I will find it where so ere it lies
Hid in the mortal' st part, inuent a way
To giue it backe.

Mel. Why would you haue it backe?
I will to death pursue him with reuenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it backe from thee, for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, and shame me
to posterity: take to thy weapon.

Mel. Heare thy friend, that beares more yeares then thou.

Amin. I will not heare: but draw, or I —

Mel. Amintor.

Amin. Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame and honor can inforce me be,
I cannot linger, draw.

Mel. I doe — but is not
My share of credit equall with thine,
If I doe stir?

Amin. No; for it will be cald
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A braue reuenge: but on me that haue walkt
With patience in it, it will fixe the name
Of fearefull cuckold, — O that word! be quicke.

Mel. Then ioyne with me.

Amin. I dare not doe a sinne, or else I would: be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin.
His griefe distracts him, call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy selfe pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will make, I will not fight.

Amin. You must,

Mel. I will be kild first, though my passions
Offered the like to you, tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it, thinke a while,
For you are (I must weepe when I speake that)
Almost besides your selfe.

Amin. Oh my soft temper,

So

The Maydes Tragedy.

So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her,
To embrace and pardon her, I am mad indeed,
And know not what I doe, yet haue a care
Of me in what thou doest. (saue

Mel. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honor, or to
The brauery of our house, will lose his fame,
And feare to touch the throne of Maiestie?

Amin. A curse will follow that, but rather liue
And suffer with me.

Mel. I will doe what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Amin. Faith I am sicke, and desperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus I feele a kind of ease.

Mel. Come take agen your mirth about you.

Amin. I shall neuer doo't.

Mel. I warrant you, looke vp, wee le walke together,
Put thine arme here, all shall be well agen.

Amin. Thy loue, O wretched, I thy loue *Melantius*, why
I haue nothing else.

Mel. Bemerry then. *Exeunt. Enter Melantius agen.*

Mel. This worthy yong man may doe violence
Vpon himselfe, but I haue cherisht him
As well as I could, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeite againe, sword hold thine edge,
My heart will neuer faile me: *Diphilus*,
Thou comst as sent. *Enter Diphilus.*

Diph. Yonder has bin such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why our sister and the King,
I thought their spleenes would breake,
They laught vs all out of the roome.

Mel. They must weepe *Diphilus*.

Diph. Must they?

Mel. They must: thou art my brother, & if I did belceue
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Diph. You should not, I would first mangle my selfe
and

The Maydes Tragedy.

and finde it.

Mel. That was spoke according to our straine come,
ioyne thy hands to mine;
And sweare a firmenelle to what proiect I
Shall lay before thee.

Dip. You doe wrong vs both,
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond more then our loues to tie our liues
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish,
Anon Ile tell you wonders, we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, weele right our selues.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house,
And what friends you can draw vnto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too,
Haste *Diph.* the time requires it, haste. *Exit Diphilus.*

I hope my cause is iust, I know my blood
Tels me it is, and I will credit it:
To take reuenge and lose my selfe withall,
Were idle, and to scape, impossible,
Without I had the fort, which miserie
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy

Calianax, but I must haue it, see *Enter Calianax.*
Where he comes shaking by me: good my Lord
Forget your spleene to me, I neuer wrong'd you,
But would haue peace with euery man.

Cal. Tis well:
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Yare touchie without all cause.

Cal. Doe, mocke me.

Mel. By mine honor I speake truth.

Cal. Honor? where is it?

Mel. See what starts you make into your hatred to my
loue and freedome to you.
I come with resolution to obtaine a sute
Of you.

Cal. A sute of me: tis very like it should be granted sir.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Nay, goe not hence,
Tis this, you haue the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you by the loue you ought
To beare vnto me, to deliuer it
Into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope thou art mad, to talke to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to moue you to it, I would
Kill the King, that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Our traitor.

Mel. Nay but stay, I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I haue this fort.

Cal. And should I helpe thee? now thy treacherous mind
betraies it selfe.

Mel. Come delay me not,
Giue me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke, refuse not offered loue,
When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If I say I will not, he will kill me, I doe see't writ
In his lookes; and should I say I will, heele run and tell the
King: I doe not shun your friendship deere *Melantius*,
But this cause is weighty, giue me but an houre to thinke.

Mel. Take it, — I know, this goes vnto the King,
But I am arm'd. *Exit Melantius.*

Cal. Methinks I feele my selfe
But twenty now agen, this fighting foole
Wants policie, I shall reuenge my girle,
And make her red againe, I pray, my legges
Will last that pace that I will carry them,
I shall want breath before I find the King.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Melantius, Euadne, and a Lady.

M *Elant.* Saue you.

Euad. Saue you sweet brother.

G

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. In my blunt eie me thinks you looke *Enadne.*

Enad. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would *Enadne*, I shall displease my ends else.

Enad. You shall if you command me, I am bashfull,
Come sir, how doe I looke?

Mel. I would not haue your women heare me
Breake into commendations of you, tis not seemely.

Enad. Goe waite me in the gallery, — now speake.

Mel. Ile looke the dore fir. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Enad. Why?

Mel. I will not haue your gilded things that dance
In visitation with their millan skins
Choake vp my businesse.

Enad. You are strangely dispos'd sir.

Mel. Good Madame, not to make you merry.

Enad. No, if you praise me, twill make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendations I haue for you.

Enad. Brother, the Court has made you wittie,
And learn to riddle.

Mel. I praise the Court for't, has it learn'd you nothing?

Enad. Me?

Mel. I *Enadne*, thou art young and handsome,
A Lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a Kingdome.

Enad. Gentle brother.

Mel. Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.

Enad. How is this?

Mel. Tis base,
And I could blush at these yæres, through all
My honor'd scars, to come to such a parly.

Enad. I vnderstand ye not.

Mel. You dare not foole,
They that commit thy faults flie the remembrance.

Enad. My faults sir, I would haue you know I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.

Euad. This is saucie,
Looke you intrude no more, theres your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread vpon thee,
Till I find truth out.

Euad. What truth is that you looke for?

Mel. Thy long lost honor: would the gods had set mee
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts, come tell me quickly,
Doe it without inforcement, and take heed
You swell me not about my temper.

Euad. How sir? where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people in euery place.

Euad. They and the seconds of it are base people,
Beleeue them not, they lied.

Mel. Doe not play with mine anger, doe not wretch,
I come to know that desperate foole that drew thee
From thy faire life, be wise and lay him open.

Euad. Vnhand me and learne manners, such another
Forgetfulnesse forfers your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it,
Let all mine honors perish but ile finde him,
Though he lie lockt vp in thy bloud, be sudden,
There is no facing it, and be not flattered,
The burnt aire when the dog raignes, is not fouler
Then thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sicknesse.

Euad. Be gone, you are my brother, thats your safety.

Mel. He be a Wolfe first, is to be thy brother
An infamy below the sinne of coward:
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue, seeke a kindred
Mongst sensuall beasts, and make a goat thy brother,
A goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. If you stay here and raile thus, I shall tell you,
Ile ha you whipt, get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels,
And tell them what a braue man you are, I shall laugh at you.

Mel. Y^e are growne a glorious whore, where be your
Fighters? what mortall foole durst raise thee to this daring.
And I aliue? by my iust sword, ha'd safer
Bestride a billow when the angry North
Plowes vp the sea, or made heauens fire his food;
Worke me no hie, will you discouer yet?

Euad. The fellowes mad, sleepe and speake sense.

Mel. Force my swolne heart no further, I would saue
thee, your great maintainers are not here, they dare not,
would they were all, and armed, I would speake loud, heres
one should thunder to'em: will you tell me? thou hast no
hope to scape, he that dares most, and dams away his soule
to doe thee seruice, will sooner snatch meat from a hungry
Lyón then come to rescue thee; thou hast deare about thee:
has vndone thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue, and of a
louely rose, left thee a canker.

Euad. Let me consider.

Mel. Doe, whose childe thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose graue opened,
And so pul'd on the gods, that in their iustice
They must restore him flesh agen and life,
And raise his dry bones to reuenge this scandall.

Euad. The gods are not of my minde, they had better
Let'em lie sweet still in the earth, they'l thinke here.

Mel. Doe you raise mirth out of my easinesse?
Forlake me then all weaknesse of nature,
That make men women, speake you whore, speake truth,
Or by the deare soule of thy sleeping father
This sword shall be thy louer, tell or ile kill thee.
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserue it.

Euad. You will not murther me.

Mel. No, tis a iustice and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.

Euad.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. Helpe.

Mel. By thy foule selfe, no humane helpe shal help thee,
If thou criest, when I haue kild thee, as I haue
Vow'd to doe, if thou confesse not, naked as thou hast left
Thine honor, will I leaue thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy blacke shame and my iustice, wilt thou bend yet?

Euad. Yes.

Mel. Vp and begin your storie.

Euad. Oh I am miserable.

Mel. Tis true, thou art, speake truth still.

Euad. I haue offended, noble Sir, forgiue me.

Mel. With what secure slaue?

Euad. Doe not aske me Sir,
Mine owne remembrance is a miserie
Too mightie for me.

Mel. Do not fall back agen, my sword's vnsheathed yet.

Euad. What shal I doe?

Mel. Betruie, and make your fault lesse.

Euad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or Ile be this day a killing thee.

Euad. Will you forgiue me then?

Mel. Stay, I must aske mine honor first, I haue too much
foolish nature in me, speake.

Euad. Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearefull conscience, thats too many,
Who ist?

Euad. Oh heare me gently, it was the King.

Mel. No more. My worthy fathers and my seruices
Are liberally rewarded: King I thanke thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my owne metall, these are souldiers thanks.
How long haue you liued thus *Euadne*?

Euad. Too long.

Mel. Too late you find it, can you be sorry?

Euad. Would I were halfe as blamelesse.

Mel. *Euadne*, thou wilt to thy trade againe.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. First to my graue.

Mel. Would gods thou hadst beene so blest:
Dost thou not hate this King now? prethe hate him.
Could'st thee not curse him, I command thee curse him,
Curse till the gods heare and deliuer him
To thy iust wishes, yet I feare *Euadne*
You had rather play your game out.

Euad. No, I feele
Too many sad confusions here to let in
Any loose flame hereafter. (anger)

Mel. Dost thou not feele amongst all those one braue
That breakes out nobly, and directes thine arme
To kill this base King?

Euad. All the gods forbid it. (him)

Mel. No all the gods require it, they are dishonored in

Euad. Tis too fearefull.

Mel. Yare valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and haue your Madams name
Discourse for groomes and pages, and hereafter
When his coole Maiestie hath laid you by
To be at pension with some needie Sir
For meat and courser cloathes, thus far you knew no feare,
Come you shall kill him.

Euad. Good sir. (him)

Mel. And twere to kisse him dead, thoudst smother
Be wise and kill him: Canst thou liue and know
What noble minds shall make thee see thy selfe,
Found out with euery finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not liue thus, kneele and sweare to helpe me
When I shall call thee to it, or by all
Holy in heauen and earth thou shalt not liue
To breath a full houre longer, not a thought.
Come tis a righteous oath, giue me thy hand,
And both to heauen held vp, sweare by that wealth
This lustfull theefe stole from thee, when I say it,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To let his foule soule out.

Enad. Here I sweare it,
And all you spirits of abused Ladies
Helpe me in this performance.

Mel. Enough, this must be knowne to none
But you and I *Enad*, not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dare step as farre into a worthy action,
As the most daring, I as farre as iustice.
Aske me not why. Farewell.

Exit Mel.

Enad. Would I could say so to my blacke disgrace,
Gods where haue I beene all this time; how friended,
That I should lose my selfe thus desperately,
And none for pittie shew me how I wandred?

There is not in the compasse of the light
A more vnhappy creature, sure I am monstrous,
For I haue done those follies, those mad mischiefes
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soule,

Be not so cruell to me, choake not vp *Enter Amintor.*
The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

Amin. How now?

Enad. My much abused Lord;

Kneele.

Amin. This cannot be.

Enad. I doe not kneele to liue, I dare not hope it,
The wrongs I did are greater, looke vpon me
Though I appeare with all my faults.

Amin. Stand vp.

This is no new way to beget more sorrow,
Heauen knowes I haue too many, doe not mocke me,
Though I am tame and bred vp with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape
Like a hand-wolfe into my naturall wildnesse,
And doe an outrage, prethee doe not mocke me.

Enad. My whole life is so leaprous it infects
All my repentance, I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest ser, euen with my life,
That sleight contrition, that; no sacrifice

For

The Maydes Tragedy.

For what I haue committed.

Amin. Sure I dazle.

There cannot be a faith in that foule woman
That knowes no God more mighty then her mischiefes,
Thou doest still worse, still number on thy faults,
To presse my poore heart thus. Can I beleue
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman
Left to shoot vp, that dares goe on in sinne
Knowne and so knowne as thine is? O *Euadne*,
Would there were any safetie in thy tex,
That I might put a thousand sorrowes off,
And credit thy repentance, but I must not,
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamitie,
To that strange misbeleefe of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I feare
I shall fall like a tree, and find my graue,
Only remembring that I grieue.

Euad. My Lord,
Giue me your griefes, you are an innocent,
A soule as white as heauen, let not my sinnes
Perish your noble youth, I doe not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my teares,
As all fay women can, or to make lesse
What my hot will hath done, which heauen & you
Knowes to be tougher then the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance, no I doe not,
I doe appeare the same, the same *Euadne*,
Drest in the shames I liu'd in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour to what I am,
I doe present my selfe the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despisde of men,
Lerna ere bred or *Nilus*, I am hell,
Till you my deare Lord shoor your light into me,
The beames of your forgiuenesse, I am soule-licke,
And wither with the feare of one condemn'd
Till I haue got your pardon.

Amin. Rise *Euadne*.

Those

The Maydes Tragedy.

Those heauenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it, I forgiue thee,
Make thy selfe worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed *Euadne* this be serious,
Mocke not the powers aboue, that can, and dare
Giue thee a great example of their iustice
To all insuing eies, if thou plai'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Euad. I haue done nothing good to win beleeefe,
My life hath beene so faithlesse, all the Creatures
Made for heauens honors haue their ends, and good ones,
All but the cousing *Crocodiles*, false women.
They reigne here like those plagues, those killing sores
Men pray against, and when they die, like tales
Ill told, and vnbeleeu'd they passe away,
And goe to dust forgotten: But my Lord
Those short daies I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me,) shall though too late,
Though in my euening, yet perceiue a will
Since I can doe no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is neere it,
I will redeeme one minute of my age,
Or like another *Niohe* Ile weepe
Till I am water.

Amint. I am now dissolued:
My frozen soule melts: may each sin thou hast,
Finde a new mercy: rise, I am at peace:
Hadst thou beene thus, thus excellently good,
Before that deuill King tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star, giue me thy hand,
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honor giues me leaue, be thy *Aminitor*,
When we meet next I will salute thee fairely,
And pray the gods to giue thee happy daies,
My Charity shall goe along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee,
I should ha' kild thee, but this sweet repentance

The Maydes Tragedy.

Lockes vp my vengeance, for which, thus I kisse thee,
The last kisse we must take, and would to heauen
The holy Priest that gaue our hands together,
Had given vs equall vertues, goe *Euadne*,
The gods thus part our bodies, haue a care
My honour falles no further, I am well then.

Euad. All the deare ioyes here, and about hereafter
Crown thy faire soule, thus I take leaue my Lord,
And neuer shall you see the foule *Euadne*
Till she haue tried all honoured meanes that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes play within.

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemy.

Cal. I am sure he said it to me, and he iustifie it
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

King. But did he breake without all circumstance
To you his foe, that he would haue the fort
To kill me, and then scape?

Cal. If he denie it, he make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.

Cal. I so does euery thing I say of late.

King. Not so *Calianax*.

Cal. Yes I should sit

Mute whilst a Rogue with strong armes cuts your throat.

King. Well I will trie him, and if this be true
He payne my life he find it, ift be false,
And that you cloath your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter doate in your owne house,
Not in the Court.

Cal. Why? if it be a lie
Mine eares are false, for he be sworne I heard it:
Old men are good for nothing, you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it, you would a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. And will still where I may doe with iustice to the world, you haue no witnesse.

Cal. Yes my selfe.

King. No more I meane therewere that heard it.

Cal. How no more? would you haue more? why am not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

King. But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

Cal. I may, tislike I will doe so, there are a hundred will sweare it for a need too, if I say it.

King. Such witnesses we need not.

Cal. And tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous

King. Enough, where's *Strato*? (knaue.

Strat. Sir. *Enter Strat.*

King. Why wheres all the Company? call *Aminor* in

Euadne, wheres my brother, and *Melantius*?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*, call all *Exit Strat.*

That are without there: if he should desire

The combat of you, tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, vnlesse

We meane to quit 'em.

Cal. Why if you doe thinke

Tis fit an old man, and a Counsellor,

To fight for what he saies, then you may grant it.

Enter Aminor. Euad. Melant. Diph. Lisip. Cle. Stra. Diag.

King. Come sirs, *Aminor* thou art yet a Bridegroome,

And I will vse thee so, thou shalt sit downe,

Euadne sit, and you *Aminor* too,

This banquet is for you sir: who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongst our wine? why *Strato* where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them vnseasonably

When I desire 'em not.

Strat. Tis my ill lucke sir, so to spend them then.

King. Reach me a boule of wine: *Melantius* thou art sad,

Aminor. I should be sir the merriest here,

But I ha nere a story of mine owne

Worth telling at this time.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. Giue me the wine.

Melantius I am now considering
How easie twere for any man we trust
To poyson one of vs in such a boule.

Mel. I thinke it were not hard Sir, for a knaue.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. Ifaith twere easie, it becomes vs well
To get plaine dealing men about our selues,
Such as you all are here, *Aminor* to thee
And to thy faire *Enadur*.

Mel. Haue you thought of this *Calianax*? *aside.*

Cal. Yes marry haue I.

Mel. And whats your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall haue it soundly I warrant you.

King. Reach to *Aminor*, *Strato*.

Amin. Here my loue,

This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes vpon thy cheekes, and till thou dost
A fault twere pittie.

King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state,
He could not scape that did it.

Mel. Were he knowne, vnpossible.

King. It would be knowne *Melantius*.

Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away
He must weare all our liues vpon his sword,
He need not flie the Island, he must leaue
No one alieue.

King. No, I should thinke no man
Could kill me and scape cleare, but that old man.

Cal. But I? heauen bleise me, I, should I my Liege?

King. I doe not think thou wouldst, but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,
By keeping of the Fort, he has *Melantius*,
And he has kept it well.

Mel. From Cobwebs Sir,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Tis cleane swept, I can find no other Art
In keeping of it now, twas nere besieg'd
Since he commanded.

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I haue kept it safe from such as you.

Mel. Keepe your ill temper in,
I speake no malice, had my brother kept it
I should ha sed as much.

King. You are not merry, brother drinkewine,
Sit you all still, *Calianax* *Aside.*
I cannot trust thus, I haue throwne out words
That would haue fercht warme blood vpon the cheekes
Of guilty men, and he is neuer mou'd,
He knowes no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may scape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.

King. A must it be were guilty feele an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not.

Cal. Let him hang him selfe,
What care I what he does, this he did say.

King. *Adelant.* You can easily conceiue
What I haue meant, for men that are in fault
Can subely apprehend when others aime
At what they doe amisse, but I forgiue
Freely before this man, heauen doe so too;
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Cal. Why this is very fine.

Mel. I cannot tell
What tis you meane, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it, happily tis nought
But misconstruction, and where I am cleare
I will not take forgiuenesse of the gods,
Much lesse of you.

King. Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothnes

The Maydes Tragedy.

To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime
I neuer knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you
my cares are euery where, you meant to kill me, and get the
fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me Sir, my bluntnesse will be pardoned,
You preferue
A race of idle people here about you,
Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that doe things worthy, the man that vttered this
Had perisht without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arme that sent him from the Foe.
And if I thought you gaue a faith to this,
The plainnesse of my nature would speake more,
Giue me a pardon (for you ought to doo't)
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. I that will be the end of all,
Then I am fairely paide for all my care and seruice.

Mel. That old man, who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will neuer match my hate so low,)
Haue no good thought, would yet I thinke excuse me,
And sweare he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou shamelesse Fellow, didst thou not speake
to me of it thy selfe?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me, who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay I belecue your malice is enough,
But I ha lost my anger, Sir I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. Lisip: cheare *Amintor* & his Lady, theres no sound
Comes from you, I will come and doo't my selfe.

Amin. You haue done already Sir for me I thanke you.

King. Melantius I doe credit this from him,
How sleight so ere you mak't.

Mel. Tis strange you should.

Cal. Tis strange a should belecue an old mans word,
That neuer lied ins life.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. I talke not to thee,
Shall the wilde words of this distempered man,
Franticke with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Maiestie and me? twas wrong
To harken to him, but to credit him
As much, at least, as I haue power to beare,
But pardon me, whilst I speake onely truth,
I may commend my selfe — I haue bestowd
My carelesse blood with you, and should be loth
To thinke an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too: when I was a boy
I thrust my selfe into my Countries cause,
And did a deed, that pluckt five yeares from time,
And stil'd me man then, and for you my King
Your Subiects all haue fed by vertue of my arme,
This sword of mine hath plowd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;
And you your selfe haue liu'd at home in ease:
So terrible I grew that without swords
My name hath fetcht you conquest, and my heart
And limmes are still the same, my will as great
To doe you seruice: let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melant. I held it great iniustice to beleue
Thine enemy, and did not, if I did,
I doe not, let that satisfie: what stricke
With sadnesse all? more wine.

Cal. A few fine words haue ouerthrowne my truth,
A th'art a Villaine.

Mel. Why, thou wert better let me haue the fort,
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for euer, *aside.*
There shall no credit lie vpon thy words,
Thinke better and deliuer it.

Cal. My Leige, hees at me now agen to doe it, speake,
Denie it if thou canst, examine him
Whilst he is hot, for if he coole agen,
He will forswear it.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. This is lunacie I hope, *Melantius.*

Mel. He hath lost himselfe

Much since his daughter mist the happinesse
My sister gaind, and though he call me Foe,
I pittie him.

Cal. A pittie a pox vpon you.

Mel. Marke his disordered words, and at the Maske

Mel. *Diagoras* knowes her ag'd, and raild at me,
And cald a Ladie Whore so innocent
She vnderstood him nor, but it becomes
Both you and me to forgiue distraction,
Pardon him as I doe.

Cal. Ile not speake for thee, for all thy cunning, if you
will be safe chop off his head, for there was neuer knowne
so impudent a Rascall.

King. Some that loue him get him to bed : why, pittie
should not let age make it selfe contemptible, wee must be
all old, haue him away.

Mel. *Calianax* the King beleeueth you come, you shall go
home, and rest, you ha done well, youle giue it vp
When I haue vs'd you thus a month, I hope.

Cal. Now, now, tis plaine Sir, he does moue me still,
He saies he knowes Ile giue him vp the fort
When he has vs'd me thus a month: I am mad
Am I not still?

Omnes. Ha, ha ha.

Cal. I shall be mad indeed if you doe thus,
Why should you trust a sturdie fellow there,
(That has no vertue in him, als in his sword)
Before me? doe but take his weapons from him
And hees an Asse, and I am a very foole
Both with him, and without him, as you vse me.

Omnes. Ha ha ha.

King. Tis well, *Cal:* but if you vse
This once agen I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry Gentlemen, it growes somewhat late,

Amintor

The Maydes Tragedy.

Amintor thou wouldst be a bed agen.

Amint. Yes Sir.

King. And you *Euadne*, let me take thee in my armes, *Melantius*, & beleue thou art as thou deseruest to be, my friend Still, and for euer. Good *Cal.*

Sleepe soundly, it will bring thee to thy selfe.

Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. & Cal.

Cal. Sleepe soundly ! I sleepe soundly now I hope, I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay Alone with me, knowing how thou hast vsed me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, And thats the strongest part you haue about you.

Cal. I doe looke for some great punishment for this, For I begin to forget all my hate, And tak't vnkindly that mine enemy Should vse me so extraordinarily scuriously.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take Vnkindnesses; I neuer meant you hurt.

Cal. Thoult anger me agen; thou wretched rogue, Meant me no hurt ! disgrace me with the King, Lose all my offices, this is no hurt Is it? I prethee what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poyson men because they loue me not, To call the credit of mens wiues in question, To murder children, betwixt me and Land; This I call hurt.

Cal. All this thou thinkst is sport, For mine is worse, but vse thy will with me, For betwixt grieve and anger I could crie.

Mel. Be wise then and be safe, thou maist reuenge.

Cal. I oth' the King, I would reuenge of thee.

Mel. That you must plot your selfe.

Cal. I am a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King In this perplexity, till peeuishnesse And thy disgrace haue laid thee in thy graue: But if thou wilt deliuer vp the fort,

Ile take

The Maydes Tragedy.

He take thy trembling body in my armes,
And beare thee ouer dangers, thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the King, canst thou deni't agen?

Mel. T'rie and beleue.

Cal. Nay then thou canst bring any thing about,
Thou shalt haue the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right vs both, giue me thy aged brest
To compasse.

Cal. Nay I doe not loue thee yet,
I cannot well endure to looke on thee,
And if I thought it were a curtesie,
Thou shouldst not haue it, but I am disgrac't,
My offices are to be raen away,
And if I did but hold this fort a day,
I doe beleue the King would take it from me,
And giue it thee, things are so strangely carried:
Nere thanke me for't, but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. Heele buy that knowledge very deerely: *Diph.*
What newes with thee? *Enter Diphilus.*

Diph. This were a night indeed to doe it in,
The King hath sent for her.

Mel. Shee shall performe it then, goe *Diph.*
And take from this good man my worthy friend
The Fort, heele giue it thee.

Diph. Ha you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou denie
This to the King too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away and vse him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole straine, if thou fol-
low me a great way off, He giue thee vp the Fort, and hang
your selues.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. Hees finely wrought.

Exeunt Cal. Diph.

Mel. This is a night spight of Astronomers
To doe the deed in, I will wash the stain
That rests vpon our house, off with his bloud.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. *Melantius* now assist me if thou beest
That which thou saist, assist me, I haue lost
All my distempers, and haue found a rage
So pleasing, helpe me.

Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not sweare vengeance? whats the matter friend?

Amint. Out with thy sword, and hand in hand with mee
Rush to the chamber of this hated King,
And sinke him with the weight of all his sinnes
To hell for euer.

Mel. Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety, let your reason
Plot your reuenge, and not your passion.

Amint. If thou refuselt me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me,
By heauen to me, my selfe, and I must tell ye
I loue her as a stranger, there is worth
In that vild woman, worthy things *Melantius*,
And she repents, Ile doo't my selfe alone,
Though I be slaine, farewell.

Mel. Heele ouerthrow my whole designe with madnes,
Amintor, thinke what thou doest, I dare as much as valour,
But tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,
With whom thou fightest. I know hees honest, *Aside.*
And this will worke with him.

Amint. I cannot tell
What thou hast said, but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here
Defenselesse.

Mel. I will take it vp for thee.

Amint. What a wild beast is vncollected man!

The Maydes Tragedy.

The thing that we call honor beares vs all
Headlong vnto sinne, and yet it selfe is nothing.

Mel. Alas how variable are thy thoughts?

Amint. Iust like my fortunes, I was run to that
I purpos'd to haue chid thee for.

Some plot I did distrust thou hadst against the King
By that old fellowes carriage, but take heede,
Theres not the least limbe growing to a King
But carries thunder in't.

Mel. I haue none against him.

Amint. Why? come then, and still remember wee may
not thinke reuenge.

Mel. I will remember.

Exeunt.

Actus 5.

Enter *Euadne* and a *Gentleman*.

*E**uad.* Sir is the King abed?

Gent. Madame an houre agoe.

*E**uad.* Giue me the key then, and let none be neere,
Tis the Kings pleasure.

Gent. I vnderstand you Madame, would twere mine,
I must not wish good rest vnto your Ladiship.

*E**uad.* You talke, you talke.

Gent. Tis all I dare doe Madame, but the King will
Wake and then.

*E**uad.* Sauing your imagination, pray, good night Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one Madam,
I am gone.

Exit.

*E**uad.* The night growes horrible, and all about me
Like my blacke purpose, O the conscience *King abed.*
Of a lost virgin, whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismall, as the depth of hell,

Wilt

The Maydes Tragedy.

Wilt thou prouoke me? Let no woman dare
From this houre be disloyall, if her heart
Be flesh, if she haue bloud and can feare, tis a daring
Aboue that desperate fooles that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight, tis so many sins,
An age cannot preuent 'm, and so great,
The gods want mercy for, yet I must through 'm,
I haue begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there; a sleepes, good heavens,
Why giue you peace to this vntemperate beast,
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
And I will doo't brauely: the meere ioy
Tels me I merit in it, yet I must not
Thus tamely doe it as he sleepes, that were
To rock him to another world, my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
Ile shape his sins like furies till I waken
His euill Angell, his sicke conscience,
And then Ile strick him dead King by your leaue, *Ties his*
I dare not trust your strength, you Grace and I *armes to*
Must grapple vpon euery tearmes no more. *the bed.*
So, if he raile me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.
My Lord the King, my Lord, a sleepes
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord,
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

King. Whose that?

Euad. O you sleepe soundly Sir.

King. My deare *Euadne*,

I haue beene dreaming of thee, come to bed.

Euad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

King. What prettie new deuice is this *Euadne*?

What doe you tie me to you, by my loue,

This is a queint one: come my deare and kisse me,

Ile be thy *Mars*, to bed my Queene of loue,

Let vs be caught together, that the gods may see,

The Maydes Tragedy.

And enuie our embraces.

Euad. Stay sir, stay,
You are too hot, and I haue brought you Physick,
To temper your high veines.

King. Prethee to bed then, let me take it warme,
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.

Euad. I know you haue a surfeited foule body,
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Euad. I you shall bleed, lie still, and if the deuill,
Your lust will giue you leaue, repent, this Steele
Comes to redeeme the honor that you stole
King, my faire name, which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How's this *Euadne*?

Euad. I am not she, nor beare I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman,
I am a Tiger, I am any thing
That knowes not pittie, stirre not, if thou doest,
Ile take thee vnprepar'd, thy feares vpon thee,
That make thy sins looke double, and so send thee
(By my reuenge I will) to looke those torments
Prepar'd for such blacke soules.

King. Thou doest not meane this, tis impossible,
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Euad. No I am not,
I am as foule as thou art, and can number
As many such hels here: I was once faire,
Once I was louely, not a blowing rose
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,
(Stirre not) didst poison me, I was a world of vertue,
Till your Curst Court and you (hell blesse you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me giue vp mine honour, for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

King. No.

Euad. I am.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. Thou art not.

I prethee speake not these things, thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Euad. Peace and heare me.

Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,
To those aboue vs, by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires, that shott to see our sinne,
If thy hot soule had substance with thy bloud,
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,
My tongue shall reach: Thou art a shamelesse villaine,
A thing out of the ouercharge of nature,
Sent like a thicke cloud to disperse a plague
Vpon weake catching women, such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subiects,
I all his heauen hereafter.

King. Heare *Euadne*,

Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare, I am thy *King*.

Euad. Thou art my shame, lie still, theres none about you
Within your cries, all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreames, thus, thus thou foule man,
Thus I begin my vengeance. *Stabs him.*

King. Hold *Euadne*,
I doe command thee, hold.

Euad. I doe not meane *Sir*
To part so fairely with you, we must change
More of these loue trickes yet.

King. What bloudie villaine
Prouok't thee to this murder?

Euad. Thou, thou monster.

King. Oh.

Euad. Thou keptst me braue at Court, and whorde me,
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman, (*King*,
And whorde me still.

King. *Euadne*, pittie me.

Euad. Hell take me then, this for my Lord *Aminor*,
This for my noble brother, and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women.

Kills him.

King.

The Maydes Tragedy.

King. Oh I die.

Enad. Die all our faults together, I forgie thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now shees gone, lets enter, the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. Tis a fine wench, wee le haue a snap at her one of these nights as she goes from him.

1. Content : how quickly hee had done with her, I see Kings can do no more that way then other mortall people.

2. How fast he is ! I cannot heare him breathe.

1. Either the tapers giue a feeble light, or hee lookes very pale.

2 And so he does, pray heauen he be well.

Lets looke : Alas, hees stiffe, wounded and dead.

Treason, Treason.

1. Run forth and call.

Exit Gent.

2. Treason, Treason.

1. This will be laid on vs : who can belecue

A woman could doe this ?

Enter Cleon and Lisippus.

Cle. How now ? wheres the traitor ?

1. Fled, fled away, but there her woefull act
Lies still.

Cle. Her act ! a woman !

Lis. Wheres the body ?

1. There.

Lis. Farewell thou worthy man, there were two bonds
That tied our loues, a brother and a King,
The least of which might fetch a flood of teares:
But such the miserie of greatnesse is,
They haue no time to mourne, then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she ?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Neuer follow her,

For she alas was but the instrument.

Newes is now brought in that *Melantius*

Has

The Maydes Tragedy.

Has got the Fort, and stands vpon the wall,
And with a loud voice calls those few that passe
At this dead time of night, deliuering
The innocence of this act.

Lis. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Strat. We doe acknowledge it.

Lis. I would I were not : follow all, for this must haue a
sudden stop. *Exeunt.*

Enter Melant. Diph. Cal. on the walls.

Mel. If the dull people can belecue I am arm'd,
Be constant *Diph.* now we haue time,
Either to bring our banisht honors home,
Or to create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I feare not,
My spirit lies not that way. Courage *Calianax.*

Cal. Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

Mel. Speake to the people, thou art eloquent.

Cal. Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows,
You were borne to be my end, the deuill take you,
Now must I hang for companie, tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lisip. Diag. Cleon. Strat. Guard.

Lisip. See where he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He lookes as if he had the better cause, Sir,
Vnder your gracious pardon let me speake it,
Though he be mighty spirited and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I doe belecue him noble, and this action
Rather puld on then sought, his mind was euer
As worthy as his hand.

Lis. Tis my feare too,
Heauen forgiue all : summon him Lord *Cleon.*

Cleon. Ho from the wals there.

Mel. Worthy *Cleon* welcome,
We could a wisht you here Lord, you are honest.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Cal. Well thou art as flattering a knaue, though I dare
not tell thee so. *Aside.*

Lis. Melantius.

Mel. Sir.

Lis. I am sorry that we meet thus, our old loue
Neuer requir'd such distance, pray heauen
You haue not left your selfe, and sought this safety
More out of feare then honor, you haue lost
A noble master, which your faith, *Melantius*,
Some thinke might haue preserued, yet you know best.

Cal. When time was I was mad, some that dares
Fight, I hope will pay this rascall. (thee,

Mel. Royall young man, those teares looke louely on
Had they beene shed for a deseruing one,
They had beene lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst he was good, I cald him King, and seru'd him,
With that strong faith, that most vnwearied valour,
Puld people from the farthest sunne to seeke him,
And buy his friendship, I was then his souldier,
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That neuer-cur'd dishonor of my sister,
Base staine of whore, and which is worse,
The ioy to make it still so) like my selfe,
Thus I haue flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine owne iustice to reuenge
What I haue suffered in him, and this old man
Wrongd almost to lunacie.

Cal. Who If you wud draw me in: I haue had no wronge
I doe disclaime ye all.

Mel. The short is this;
Tis no ambition to lift vp my selfe
Vrgeth me thus, I doe desire againe
To be a subiect, so I may be free;
If not, I know my strength, and will vnbuild
This goodly to a ne, be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

Strat. Be sudden Sir to tie

The Maydes Tragedy.

All vp againe, what's done is past recall,
And past you to reuenge, and there are thousand
That wait for such a troubled houre as this.
Throw him the blanke.

Lis. Melantius, write in that thy choice,
My seale is at it.

Mel. It was our honours drew vs to this act,
No gaine, and we will only worke our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd vs all but now *Calianax*.

Cal. Thats all one,
Ile not be hangd hereafter by a tricke,
Ile haue it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall:
Come to the backe gate, and wee'll call you King,
And giue you vp the Fort.

Lis. Away, away.

Exeunt omnes

Enter Aspatia in mans apparell.

Aspat. This is my fatall houre, heauen may forgiue
My rash attempt, that causelesly hath laid
Grifes on me that will neuer let me rest,
And put a womans hart into my breast,
It is more honor for you that I die,
For she that can endure the misery
That I haue on me, and be patient too,
May liue and laugh at al that you can doe.
Cod saue you sir.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. And you sir, whats your businesse?

Aspat. With you sir now, to doe me the faire office
To helpe me to your Lord.

Ser. What would you serue him?

Aspat. Ile doe him any seruice, but to haste,
For my affaires are earnest, I desire
To speake with him.

Ser. Sir because you are in such haste, I would bee loth to
delay you longer: you cannot.

Aspat. It shall become you thought to tell your Lord.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Ser. Sir he will speake with no body.

Asp. This is most strange: art thou gold prooffe? theres
for thee, helpe me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir, Ile doe my best.

Exit.

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me;
There is a vild dishonestricke in man,
More then in women: all the men I meet
Appeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And haue a subtiltie in euery thing,
Which loue could neuer know; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And thinke all shall goe so, it is vniust
That men and women should be matcht together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amint. Where is he?

Ser. There my Lord.

Amint. What would you Sir?

Asp. Please it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the roome, I shall deliuer things
Worthy your hearing.

Amint. Leau vs.

Asp. O that that shape should bury fallshood in it. *Aside.*

Amint. Now your will Sir.

Aspat. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must
My businesse, and I am not hard to know, *(ghesse*
For till the chance of warre markt this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sisters picture, and her mine: in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia.*

Amint. The wrong'd *Aspatia*, would thou wert so too
Vnto the wrong'd *Amintor*, let me kilie
That hand of thine in honour that I beare
Vnto the wrong'd *Aspatia*, here I stand
That did it, would he could not, gentle youth
Leau me, for there is something in thy lookes
That cals my sinnes in a most hideous forme
Into my mind, and I haue grieve enough

Without

The Maydes Tragedy.

Without thy helpe.

Aspat. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelue yeeres old I had not seene
My sister till this houre, I now arrin'd,
She sent for me to see her mariage,
A wofull one, but they that are about
Haue ends in euery thing, she vs'd few words,
But yet enough to make me vnderstand
The basenesse of the iniuries you did her,
That little trayning I haue had, is war,
I may behaue my selfe rudely in peace,
I would not though, I shall not need to tell you
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour that is not easily gain'd againe,
Fairly I meane to deale, the age is strict
For single combats, and we shall be slopt
If it be publisht, if you like your sword
Vse it, if mine appeare a better to you,
Change, for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou beest such, thinke not I will maintaine
So strange a wrong, and for thy sisters sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not doe, yet to inioy this world
I would not see her, for beholding thee,
I am I know not what, if I haue ought
That may content thee, take it, and be gone,
For death is not so terrible as thou,
Thine eies shoot guilt into me.

Aspat. Thus she swore
Thou wouldst behaue thy selfe, and giue me words
That would fetch teares into my eies, and so
Thou dost indeed, but yet she bad me watch,
Lest I ware cossen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me,

The Maydes Tragedy.

For her Ile die directly, but against her
Will neuer hazard it.

Asp. You must be vrg'd, I doe not deale vaciully with
Those that dare to fight, but such a one as you
Must be vsd thus. *Shee strikes him.*

Amint. I prethee youth take heed,
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Aboue mine honour, that I can indure
All this, good gods—— a blow I can indure,
But stay not, lest thou draw a timelesse death
Vpon thy selfe.

Aspat. Thou art some prating fellow,
One that has studied out a tricke to talke
And moue soft hearted people, to be kickt *Shee kickes him.*
Thus to be kickt—— why should he be so slow *aside.*
In giuing me my death?

Amint. A man can beare
No more and keepe his flesh, forgiue me then,
I would indure yet if I could, now shew
The spirit thou pretendest, and vnderstand
Thou hast no houre to liue: *They fight.*
What dost thou meane? thou canst not fight:
The blowes thou makst at me are quite besides,
And those I offer at thee, thou spreadst thine armes
And takst vpon thy brest, alas defencelesse.

Aspat. I haue got enough,
And my desire, there is no place so fit
For me to die as here. *Enter Euadne.*

Euad. *Amintor* I am loaden with euents *Her hands*
That flie to make thee happy, I haue ioyes *blondy with*
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs *a kniife.*
And settle thee in thy free state againe,
It is *Euadne* still that followes thee,
But not her mischiefes.

Amint. Thou canst not foole me to beleene agen,
But thou hast looks and things so full of newes
That I am staid. *Euad.*

The Maydes Tragedy.

Euad. Noble *Amintor* put off thy amaze,
Let thine eies loose, and speake, am I not faire?
Lookes not *Euadne* beautilous with these rites now?
Were those houres halfe so louely in thine eies,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foule within, to looke faire then,
Since I knew ill I was not free till now.

Amint. There is preface of some important thing
About thee, which it seemes thy tongue hath lost:
Thy hands are bloudy, and thou hast a knife.

Euad. In this consists thy happinesse and mine;
Ioy to *Amintor*, for the King is dead.

Amint. Those haue most power to hurt vs that we loue,
We lay our sleeping liues within their armes.
Why? thou hast raisd vp mischief to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sinnes,
But all thy life is a continued ill,
Blacke is thy colour now, diseasethy nature,
Ioy to *Amintor*? thou hast toucht a life,
The very name of which had power to chaine
Vp all my rage, and calme my wildest wrongs.

Euad. Tis done, and since I could not find a way
To meet thy loue so cleere, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amint. Couldst thou procure the gods to speake to me,
To bid me loue this woman, and forgiue,
I thinke I should fall out with them, behold
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my brest,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his deash
From my slow hand: and to augment my woe
You now are present, slain'd with a Kings bloud
Violently shed: this keeps night here,
And throwes an vnknowne Wildernesse about me.

Asp. Oh oh oh.

Amint. No more, pursue me not.

Euad. Forgiue me then and take me to thy bed.

Wee

The Maydes Tragedy.

We may not part.

Amint. Forbeare, be wise, and let my rage goe this way.

Euad. Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amint. Take heed, it will returne with me.

Euad. If it must be I shall not feare to meete it,
Take me home.

Amint. Thou Monster of crueltie, forbeare.

Euad. For heauens sake looke more calme,
Thine eies are sharper then thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away, thy knees are more to mee then violence,

I am worse then sick to seee knees follow me,
For that I must not grant, for Gods sake stand.

Euad. Receiue me then.

Amint. I dare not stay, thy language,
In midst of all my anger, and my griefe,
Thou doest awake something that troubles me,
And saies I lou'd thee once, I dare not stay,
There is no end of womans reasoning.

leaves her.

Euad. *Amin*tor thou shalt lone me now againe,
Go I am calme, farewell; And peace for euer.

Euadne whom thou hast will die for thee.

Kills her selfe.

Amint. I haue a little humane nature yet
Thats left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

Returns.

Euad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late,
Oh I am lost, the heauie sleepe makes haste.

She dies.

Aspa. Oh, oh, oh.

Amint. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feele
A starke affrighted motion in my bloud,
My soule growes wearie of her house, and I
All ouer am a trouble to my selfe,
There is some hidden power in these dead things
That calls my flesh into 'em, I am cold,
Be resolute, and beare em company,
Theres something yet which I am loth to leaue,
Theres man enough in me to meet the feares
That death can bring, and yet would it were done,

The Maydes Tragedy.

I can finde nothing in the whole discourse
Of death I durst not meet the bouldest way,
Yet still bewixt the reason and the act
The wrong I to *Aspatia* did, stands vp,
I haue not such another fault to answere,
Though she may iustly arme her selfe with scorne
And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,
When I haue paid to her in teares my sorrow,
I will not leaue this act vnsatisfied,
If all thats left in me can answer it.

Aspa. Was it a dreame? there stands *Aminitor* still,
Or I dreame still.

Amin. How doest thou? speake, receiue my loue & helpe:
Thy bloud climbs vp to his old place againe,
Theres hope of thy recouerie.

Aspa. Did you not name *Aspatia*?

Amin. I did.

Aspa. And talkt of teares and sorrow vnto her.

Amin. Tis true, and till these happie signes in thee
Staid my course, it was thither I was going.

Aspa. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me, sought not reuenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.

I am *Aspatia* yet.

Amin. Dare my soule euer looke abroad agen?

Aspa. I shall sure liue *Aminitor*, I am well,
A kinde of healthfull ioy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lines to excuse thy losse,
Come let me beare thee to some place of helpe.

Aspa. *Aminitor* thou must stay, I must rest here,
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou my best soule? I would faine liue,
Now if I could, wouldst thou haue loued me then?

Amin. Alas, all that I am not worth a haire
From thee.

Aspa. Giue me thine hand, mine hands grope vp & down,

L

And

The Maydes Tragedy.

And cannot finde thee, I am wondrous sicke.
Haue I thy hand, *Amintor*?

Amint. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Aspat. I doe beleue thee better then my sense,
Oh I must goe, farewell.

Amint. She sounds: *Aspatia*. Helpe, for Gods sake water,
Such as may chaine life euer to this frame,

Aspatia, speake: what no helpe? yet I foole,
Ile chafe her temples, yet there nothing stirs.

Some hidden power tell her *Amintor* calls,

And let her answere me: *Aspatia* speake.

I haue heard, if there be any life, but bow

The body thus, and it will shew it selfe.

Oh she is gone, I will not leaue her yet.

Since out of iustice we must challenge nothing,

Ile call it mercy if youle pittie me,

You heavenly powers, and lend forth some few yeeres

The blessed soule to this faire seat againe.

No comfort comes, the gods denie me too.

Ile bow the body once againe: *Aspatia*.

The soule is fled for euer, and I wrong

My selfe, so long to loose her company.

Must I talke now? Heres to be with thee loue. *Kils himselfe.*

Enter Seruant.

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to haue the new
King come to him, I must tell him he is entring. Oh God,
helpe, helpe.

Enter Lisip, Melant, Cal, Cleon, Diph, Strato.

Lis. Wheres *Amintor*?

Strat. O there, there.

Lis. How strange is this?

Cal. What should we doe here?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolues not. May I stand
Stiffe here for euer: eies call vp your teares,
This is *Amintor*: heart he was my friend,

Melt

The Maydes Tragedy.

Melt, now it flowes, *Amintor* giue a word
To call me to thee.

Amint. Oh.

Mel. *Melantius* calls his friend *Amintor*, oh thy armes
Are kinder to me then thy tongue,
Speake, speake.

Amint. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That euer I shall heare againe.

Diph. Oh brother here lies your sister slaine,
You lose your selfe in sorrow there.

Mel. Why *Dip.* It is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this;
Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Sonne,
All that I had, speake once againe,
What youth lies slaine there by thee?

Amint. Tis *Aspatia*,
My last is said, let me giue vp my soule
Into thy bosome.

Cal. Whats that? whats that *Aspatia*?

Mel. I neuer did repent the greatnesse of my heart till
It will not burst at need. (now,

Cal. My daughter, dead here too, and you haue all fine
new trickes to grieue, but I nere knew any but direct
crying.

Mel. I am a pratler, but no more.

Diph. Hold brother.

Lisp. Stop him.

Diph. Fie how vnmanly was this offer in you,
Does this become our straine?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Growne very kinde, and am friends with you.
You haue giuen me that among you will kill me
Quickly, but Ile goe home and liue as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poore, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Is not my hands a weapon sharpe enough
To stop my breath ; or if you tie downe those,
I vow *Aminor* I will neuer eat,
Or drinke, or sleepe, or haue to doe with that
That may preferue life, this I sweare to keepe.

Lisip. Look to him tho, and beare those bodies in,
May this a faite example be to me,
To rule with temper, for on lustfull Kings
Vnlookt for suddaine deaths from God are sent,
But curst is he that is their instrument.

FINIS.

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